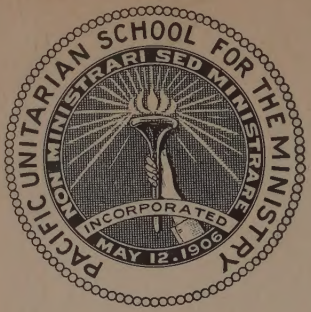
SHORT SERMONS TO CHILDREN

BY THREE COUSINS



BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

PURCHASED WITH THE INCOME OF THE FUND
GIVEN BY

FREDERICK MADGE
1820-1908

SON OF THE REV. THOS. MADGE, 1786-1870, OF
ESSEX STREET CHAPEL, LONDON, 1825-1859

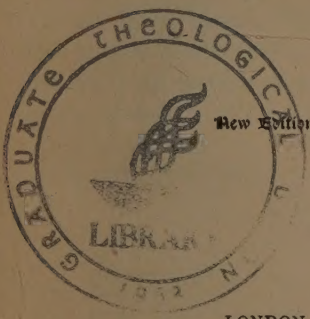
SHORT SERMONS TO CHILDREN

SHORT SERMONS TO CHILDREN

BY

THREE COUSINS

[M. C., M., and Gertrude Martineau]



New Edition

Property of
CBSK
Please return to
Graduate Theological
Union Library

LONDON
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION
Essex Hall, Essex St., Strand, W.C.
1905

BV
4315
.T57
1905

PRINTED BY ELSOM AND CO.,
MARKET PLACE, HULL.

9470.8
M366

NOTE TO NEW EDITION.

THE Addresses contained in this little book are selected from the two volumes of "SHORT SERMONS TO CHILDREN," by Three Cousins, published by the Sunday School Association in 1882 and 1884. The present selection is issued at the request of teachers and others who found the Sermons very useful in conveying simple religious lessons in an interesting way.

The Three Cousins, Miss M. C. Martineau, Miss M. Martineau, and Miss Gertrude Martineau, have kindly given their consent to the publication of this edition.

LONDON, April, 1905.

377

PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

HAVING learnt by experience that it was anything but true that "great is the multitude of Preachers," and that the words, "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few," applied far better to the school where they worked, the Three Cousins found themselves frequently called upon to fill the vacant desk, and lead the service for their Sunday Scholars. From this necessity arose the little sermons which fill the following pages, by which the Cousins hoped to influence for good some of the girls and boys amongst the little congregation of very mixed ages to whom they spoke.

The little sermons are only now very humbly offered to a wider congregation in the hope that, in some hour of need when the preacher's desk is empty, they may serve a good turn to some teacher who is suddenly called upon for an address, which he has had no time or previous warning to prepare.

THE THREE COUSINS.

London, 1882.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Little Duties	1
Undaunted	8
Love of Justice	22
Faithfulness to Duty	29
Light in Darkness	36
Heroism I.	45
Heroism II.	52
The New Year	59
Sacrifice	66
The Good Samaritan	78
Fasting	86
Vineyards and Gardens	97
Firm to Resist	108
Striving after Perfection	115
Returning Good for Evil	127
God is our Father	133
Faithful unto Death	141
Returning to the Lord	149

SHORT SERMONS TO CHILDREN.

LITTLE DUTIES.

'He that despiseth small things shall fall by little and little.'—ECCLESIASTICUS xix. 1.

'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.'—LUKE xvi. 10.

FOOLISH people despise little things. Foolish people often throw away or waste little things that would be useful if taken care of: they think that a few minutes of time are of no value, and may be idled away: they even think that little sins are too small to care much about, and that little duties are such trifles that it does not much matter whether they are performed or not.

But wise people know that all such little things may be very important; and particularly, that sin is sin, however small it seems, and duty is duty, even when it seems of little consequence.

The greater part of human life is made up of little events, little duties, little wrongs, little kindnesses, little sins and sorrows, and little pleasures: and what our life turns out to be, and what we ourselves turn out to be depends upon how we behave in little matters.

Whatever our conscience tells us to do is a duty, however small a thing it appears to be; and it would be a sin to neglect it. We cannot calculate the results of little actions, but we know that very often great results follow from very little things—good results follow from little duties performed, or little temptations resisted: and bad results follow from very little sins, and very little neglects.

Once there were two men, shipbuilders, sawing timbers to build a great ship, when one of them saw a little worm in the wood. He said, 'This plank is wormy, will it do for the ship?' 'O yes,' said the other, 'never mind the worm, put it in.' 'But,' said the first, 'there may be other worms in the plank, and, if so, they are sure to increase, and make the plank rotten.' 'It looks all right outside,' said the other, 'and there is no need to look for any more worms; put it in.' So, though these men both suspected that it was a bad piece of timber, which ought not to be used for a ship, they put it in: the ship was finished

and looked beautiful. For a long time all went well, and the ship went many voyages in safety; but all this time the bad piece of wood was growing worse, for the worms in it were multiplying. At length, in a great storm, that strained the ship very much, a weak place gave way, and the water poured in: it soon came in faster than the pumps could clear it out, for the whole plank was worm-eaten and rotten. Nothing that the captain and crew could do could save the ship, and it sank with all its valuable cargo; and but few were saved of the still more valuable human beings it carried.

Oh! how many wives, mothers, and children mourned for the husbands, the sons, and the fathers who were lost that day, and who never came home to them. And all this loss and misery were caused by that one piece of bad timber having been used in building the ship. And those two men, who knew that they ought not to use that bad piece of wood, were guilty of these terrible consequences. See how much harm may be done by a few little worms—how much evil may come from what seems like a very small sin.

Perhaps you are thinking that it is not likely that any such great and terrible consequences should come from the little faults

that you children are tempted to commit: and it is true that we cannot often trace such great consequences, and find out their small beginnings.

But there is a way in which little duties performed on the one hand; or, on the other hand, little sins committed, have very important effects, which are plainly to be seen, and whose results go on increasing. This is their effect on our own character. Every time we have resisted some temptation to do wrong; every time we have performed some disagreeable little duty, just because it was a duty, and our consciences told us to do it, our character has been improved, our conscience has been strengthened, and the course of duty has been made easier for the future. And every time we have given way to temptation; every time we have done some little wrong, knowing that we ought not to do it, our character has been weakened and made worse: we have injured our own soul, even if we have injured nobody else: and we have made it more difficult for ourselves to do right in future. 'He that despiseth small things shall fall by little and little.'

There is a little girl who thinks it a very small fault to help herself to a lump of sugar, or something else that is nice, out of the cup-

board when Mother is out: but it *is* wrong, for she feels she would not like Mother to come in and see her doing it. Still, she gives way to the temptation, and does it again and again. Each time she thinks less about its being wrong, and her conscience does not prick her as much as it used to do at first. Then, when she is sent out to fetch milk, she sips a little from the jug as she is carrying it home. She knows this is wrong, for she would not like to be seen doing it, and is, at first, rather ashamed of herself for her greediness, but each day she thinks less and less about its being a sin—a dishonesty, so that one day she indulges in a good drink, instead of a little sip, and at last her mother finds her out. That child is falling little by little, she might soon begin to take money, or other things that are not hers, and is in danger of becoming a confirmed thief. But we will hope that now that her mother is aware of it, she will be very watchful over her child, and try to strengthen her against such temptations, and cultivate her in the habit of self-control and honesty in little things. And then, perhaps, with great care and perseverance, she may, after all, grow up a noble character, honest and true, because 'He who is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.'

Now, I hope that none of you are ever tempted to do like that little girl who used to take what she had no right to have.

But there are other faults which some of you are very liable to, and, in particular one that I wish to speak to you about to-day—that is, the temptation to talk in Sunday School at times when you know you ought not. Perhaps you think this is a very small fault, and of no importance; but I have been trying to make you understand that no duty is too small to be important, and no fault so small as not to be worth while to overcome it.

What! would you wait till you have committed some great sin before you repent, and begin to try to do better? No, you would find it too difficult then. Far wiser is it to try to overcome your *small* temptations, and to do your *little* duties at once.

You will succeed if you try hard with these, while they are little, and while you are young; and then perhaps you will have gained self-control enough by-and-bye to conquer the greater temptations, and do the greater duties that belong to grown-up people.

It is always important that we should do right for the sake of right, whether the matter be great or small. Remember that 'He that despiseth small things shall fall by little and

little.' A small sin indulged in, makes it easier to sin again; and so people go from small things to great.

But, conquer your small temptations. For instance, repress the words that are just ready to drop out of your mouth when it is not the right time for speaking; resolve on doing the right thing, though it is rather disagreeable, and you will thus gain self-control. Self-control is the foundation of all greatness of character.

I hope and believe that you all wish to grow up to be good men and women; you all *intend* to be good some time or other. If so, there is no time to lose. A good and great character can only be built up gradually, and youth is the time for gaining self-control, and the habit of obeying conscience, without which there can be no virtue.

M. M.

UNDAUNTED.

'Thou shalt be stedfast, and shalt not fear:
'Because thou shalt forget thy misery, and remember it as waters that pass away:
'Thou shalt be secure because there is hope:
'Thou shalt lie down, and none shall make thee afraid.'—JOB xi. 15, 16, 18, 19.

WHEN Columbus set out for his first voyage of discovery he had immense difficulties to overcome. In these days, expeditions are fitted out to go up North amongst the ice and snow, and amongst the bears and seals, and men offer themselves as sailors and are eager to go, though they know they will have probably terrible hardships to bear, and much to suffer. But when Columbus wanted to start he had the greatest difficulty in persuading any men to go; they were all so frightened at the thought of going out beyond where anyone had ever been before, even for the chance of being amongst the first to discover a new world beyond the sea, that even when Columbus had at last got three ships for his expedition he could scarcely get sailors to man them; and then when one of the ships

had to be repaired, the men who repaired it mended it so badly, on purpose to hinder the start, that the work had to be done again; and when they were told to do it again they ran away. Some of the sailors, too, who had been at last engaged, deserted, and would not go; and it was with the greatest trouble and difficulty that Columbus at last got all his preparations ready.

The ships he had were very different from our ships now-a-days; indeed, we should hardly call them more than *boats* now. Two of them had not even decks over the whole length, but were undecked in the middle, and had little cabins at the two ends, and had high prows and sterns, and were hardly bigger than boats which now are only thought fit for rivers, or to keep close to the coast.

The seamen took a most mournful farewell of their friends, and felt little of the courage and hope which fill the hearts of sailors now when they start on a voyage.

It was early in the morning of Friday, the 3rd of August, 1492, when the expedition sailed from the coast of Spain.

Now, in these days of steamships, it takes seven or eight days only to reach America, the country for which Columbus was to make so long and resolute a search.

One of the ships broke her rudder three days after their start; and three weeks were wasted in trying to get her into condition to sail again; and this time was spent at the Canary Islands. Then some Portuguese ships came in sight, and Columbus feared that they were looking out to catch him, and that the King of Portugal was angry because he had gone out in the service of Spain; and when he tried to sail away the wind fell, and there was a dead calm.

However, at last Columbus had his wish, and without further hindrance he sailed out with his three ships into the wide open pathless sea which he so longed to explore.

But as the last land faded behind them, and before them and behind and all around there was nothing to be seen but wide waters, the hearts of the sailors failed them, and they felt as if they had taken leave of the world. They had left behind them all their dearest friends and families;—and before them?—What was there before them? Who could tell? Danger and perils,—how great they did not know;—all was mystery. Some of the seamen began to lament aloud; and some even cried with despair. Columbus tried in every way to comfort them, and told them all he could think of about the lands he hoped to take them to,—telling them that he hoped to give them land

and riches and all sorts of fine things which would make up to them for anything they might have to go through. But the sailors could not be induced to take much comfort; and as they got further and further away from land Columbus was obliged to hide from them what the distance really was, lest if they knew they should fall into helpless despair. One day they came across the mast of a wrecked ship floating on the water; and the sight of this made the unhappy sailors more miserable than before, and they believed that nothing but shipwreck could be before them on these unknown seas. But there was no sign yet of the storms which they thought would wreck them; there was a strong but gentle wind blowing them from behind, whilst the sea lay calm and sunny around them, and at night a splendid dome of stars stretched out over their heads.

On they sailed, day after day, week after week: the disheartened sailors did not believe they should ever see land again: they had no spirit to work; they grumbled and murmured; and if Columbus had not had a fine and noble faith he would have felt in despair, with such faithless and cowardly and weak-spirited companions. But he kept always on the look-out, that he might miss nothing that was to be

seen, and that he might keep his ships and companions safe from any dangers. The sailors were too hopeless and listless to look out themselves ; they left that to Columbus.

So they sailed on.

But look !—something floating on the water ! The sailors roused themselves to look, but turned away disappointed. Only green sea-weed !—they had often seen such before.

' Only ? '—yes, it was only sea-weed ; but Columbus saw and knew that it was a sea-weed which only grows about the mouths of rivers ; and though this was out in the sea it was loose and floating, and so fresh that it could not long have been broken off and floated away. What did this show to Columbus ?

And look ! look again ! something else !

Oh, it is only a bird,—a white bird ; the sailors thought they had often seen a white bird before !

Yes, it was only a bird ; but it was a kind of bird which never sleeps upon the sea, so that Columbus saw that land must be within that bird's reach. What did that bird tell of, then ? Of land coming within reach ! How Columbus's heart beat to think that his dream was coming true, and that there *was* land, as he had believed, and that he was really to be its discoverer !

And now the hopes of the seamen rose; they began to hope and to look out. More birds flew past the ships, and more sea-weeds floated on the water; each man now wanted to be the first to catch sight of the land, for the king had promised to give thirty crowns to whoever first saw the land.

But still the longed-for land kept out of sight: day after day they strained their eyes to the horizon, looking, looking still; but day passed on into night, and still no land came. Flights of birds came, but the sailors had almost ceased to believe that the birds were any sign of land,—so unreasonable had they become.

Then the wind dropped, and a dead calm came; and then the sailors fell into fears that they should all die in the stagnant waters. Columbus did all he could to conquer all their fears, and was very patient with them; but their murmurs grew more and more serious: they consulted together in little knots, and their complaints and murmurings began to take a new form. They began to grow fierce with anger at Columbus; they said he was mad,—that there was no land to be found; and they asked why they were bound to go with him and do what he wanted? They had already gone far beyond the distance that any ship had gone before: were they to sail on till they died,

or till they had got too far to go back with their frail ships? Why should not they force Columbus to return? They were many, and he was without friends to protect him. Some even proposed to throw him overboard into the sea, and then say that he had fallen over and been drowned. Columbus knew that they were plotting against him, but he did not flinch or fear: he tried to quiet the discontented men, and to reassure them, and threatened the most obstinate and the leaders of the discontents with punishment.

But before they fulfilled any of their evil intentions, a cry was heard from the stern of one of the three ships, 'Land! land! Señor, I claim the reward!' They all looked out eagerly, and they all thought it was true, and that land had come in sight at last: and Columbus threw himself on his knees to thank God; whilst the sailors, lately so rebellious, set up a song of triumph and joy.

But, as they sailed on and on, what they had seen and thought was land, melted away: it was a cloud near the setting sun. And their hopes again fell; and night, which had settled down on the wide unbroken sea, settled down on their hearts too.

However, more and more signs of land came in sight; and the men were constantly crying

out that they saw land; so that Columbus told them at last that if anyone gave notice of land in sight, and if it was not really discovered within three days after the cry had been raised, that man should forfeit all claim to the reward.

There were now great flights of little birds to the South-West, which seemed to show that they were near some land where the birds were sure of food and a resting place. But after some days more the murmurs of the sailors broke out again, and they insisted that Columbus must turn the ships round and go home. But he told them that he was not going to do so; he had been sent out by the king and queen, and he was determined to persevere, and should go on. He was now in danger of his life from the sailors, since he had defied them and disregarded their threats: but, luckily for all of them, the next day they saw more things which renewed their hopes, and distracted them from their anger. A green fish, such as keeps about rocks, swam by the ships; then came a branch of a tree with berries on it; then a piece of board; and then a stick, carved and cut by a knife or something sharp. Now they knew that there was not only land, but that there must be men on the land, to have carved the stick.

No more grumblings now! They sang their evening hymn; and Columbus spoke to them all, and reminded them how good God had been to them, and how gently he had guided them by such soft breezes on their long voyage; and he told them he quite hoped now to make the land that very night; and he ordered a careful look-out to be kept all night, and promised to the man who should first see the land a dress of velvet in addition to the thirty crowns offered by the king. All were so eager that no one went to sleep that night; but Columbus himself kept watch alone on the top of the cabin, his mind filled with anxious thoughts, and his eyes straining to catch the slightest sign.

Suddenly he saw a light! but he dared not trust his eyes, and called first one man and then a second to look; and though it came and went they all saw it, although they could not tell in the darkness whether it was in a boat or on the land.

At last the joyful certainty came, and about two o'clock in the morning a gun was fired from one of the ships, which told all the men that the land was discovered and their anxieties were over. Everyone voted that Columbus must have the reward, as he saw the light. The ships lay to, and waited for the dawn; and we can fancy a little what Columbus felt as

the light grew and brightened, and the dark land lay quietly beyond the strip of sea,—that land which he had so steadfastly sought, and now at length had won! He smelt the sweet, soft smell of the earth and the fruit and flowers coming across the sea. It was a fruitful land; he felt sure too that there were people there, but what would they be like? Would they be friendly or hostile? Was the land an island or a continent? Would there be cities and towns, or would it be a wild land?

When morning dawned, he saw a level island before him, with forests and trees, and people coming out of the woods and running to the shore. They were all naked, and seemed lost in astonishment at the sight of the ships. Columbus and his men took their boats and rowed ashore; he dressed himself in a fine scarlet dress, and they took with them two flags with the letters of the king's and queen's names embroidered on them. They landed; and when Columbus jumped on shore he threw himself on his knees and kissed the earth, and thanked God with tears of joy. His companions burst out into the most extravagant transports of joy; and the very men who had wanted to throw Columbus overboard now thronged round him and embraced him and kissed his hands, begging his forgiveness.

The natives at first were dreadfully frightened, but after a while they gained courage and came to see the travellers, and showed the greatest curiosity and surprise.

This was the end, then, of Columbus's first voyage. The island he had arrived at was one of the Bahamas, which was not very far from the coast of America, and not far from the West Indies.

And now, girls and boys, are we not all sailors on a changing sea? Have we not all difficult things to do? and do we not often feel like the frightened sailors of Columbus, and wish that we had never set out on our voyage, and attempted our difficult tasks? The voyage is long; the sea is rough; the fierce winds blow, and then we are afraid, and think that we shall sink in the troubled waters and be drowned: and then we say to our companion, 'Why did you ask me to go with you, and get into trouble? I wish I had stayed at home.' Sometimes the sea is very calm,—and as we travel over it nothing comes to bring us any change or interest; and then we say that it is so dull that we shall never get through our work and reach the rest which we so long to gain. We do not look out and see what is coming to us on the waters of our life, to show us that our journey is not in vain, but that it

we are faithful and steady sailors we shall yet steer our ships safely into some port of that land beyond the sea towards which we are sailing. Those who keep their eyes and hearts open, will, like Columbus, see many a sign of the end of the voyage: signs come floating silently to us on the waves, to give us hope that the end of our voyage is near.

A boy who can steadfastly go on with his work and his duty, and bear a reproach or a bad name for the sake of another, or because he will not step aside even an inch from the narrow path of right, is on just such a lonely voyage to a distant land. The land which is the end of his trial is beyond his sight; and all around him stretches out only an untrodden sea of loneliness; his companions distrust him, he has no one to take his side and uphold him; he stands as much alone as Columbus when the sailors murmured and rebelled against him; but if, like Columbus, he stands on the prow of his boat, and keeps his eyes open and his faith firm, and trusts in God and does not fear what men can do,—then he will see messengers of hope and comfort coming to him long before he comes to the end of his voyage. A little glimpse of sympathy or returning trust will be like the strange white bird to him; and he will take fresh courage to stand firm

and live down his bad name. And when the time of trial is over, when the land beyond the sea is reached, he will find it to be a land of warmth and joy and beauty such as he did not dream of when only waves were spread around him wherever he could look.

And if he had not looked out, but had hidden his face in fear, what would have happened? Would not his boat have come suddenly upon the rocks? would he not have waked up with a shock too late, to wish that he had looked out and kept up his courage faithfully, instead of drifting carelessly and running into trouble?

And what if to us that land beyond the sea is the unknown land which we shall reach only when we die? Are there no messengers to us from it here? Are not the souls that come so mysteriously into our world like the white birds that told plainly of a land where they had a home, and from which they flew out over the sea? Is not the strong love that comes into our hearts like the sea plants with their many branches that must have had their birth-place on the rocks that cannot be shaken? Is not the carved wood that spoke to Columbus of a hand that carved it like the mountains and trees that God's hand has carved and formed? What does the seashore tell us, where the line

of pebbly beach or yellow sand is as a barrier to the rushing waters, which reach their limits and then fall back again? Who gave the sea its bound? Who put the sand and pebbles on the shore and the grass and flowers on our land? Who but God, who lives in the midst of us, and leads us to the land beyond the sea of our life, which we shall reach after days and nights of toil and tossing and anxiety.

Only let us be brave sailors; not frightened, trembling, murmuring, reproaching, like the sailors of Columbus. Let us launch forth with a cheer of courage; let us rejoice and glory in the waves on which our boat floats so gallantly; let us be like Columbus himself, wakeful, patient, hopeful, faithful; and at last we shall reach the beautiful land, and our wanderings will be over; and we shall fall on our knees and kiss the shore, and thank God who has guided us safely and landed us at last.

G. M.

LOVE OF JUSTICE.

'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.'
—PHILIPPIANS ii. 6.

JUSTICE is a grand quality, and if there were more justice in the world there would be fewer quarrels between men, and fewer wars between nations.

We all love justice—that is, we all like justice to be done to us; we expect to get our rights, and, if a wrong is done to us, if we suffer some kind of injustice, we feel that we are injured, and have a right to complain. But are we as anxious that other people should get their rights as that we should have our own? Are we as eager to have justice done for other people as for ourselves?

If we have a true love of justice we shall wish for justice for everyone, and not only for ourselves. Whenever we see a wrong done and suffered we should consider whether we have any power to help to get it set right.

It is only *natural* to try to get justice for ourselves; but it is *good* and *noble* to try to

get justice for others : and it shows a true love of justice when a man is willing to work hard, and to sacrifice much, in the effort to redress other people's wrongs which he does not suffer from, and to get justice for those who cannot defend themselves.

Only a noble soul will do this ; while common-place, selfish people are content if they themselves suffer no wrong, and they do not seem to see the wrongs that are suffered by others.

Such a noble soul was Granville Sharp.

A little more than a hundred years ago it was possible to see a slave even in the streets of London—a thing happily impossible now. At that time negroes were held in slavery in Jamaica and other West India islands that belong to England ; and when an English family who lived out there came on a visit to England they often brought some of their black servants with them ; and these black people were still considered as slaves, and were forced to go back with their masters, whether they liked it or not.

A negro, named Somerset, who had been brought to London in this way, became ill, and his hard-hearted master, thinking him more trouble than profit, turned him out into the streets, not caring if he died of want ; but,

fortunately for him, some kind people took care of him, and he got well. Then, one day his master happened to meet him in the street, and seeing that he looked fit for work, seized him, and claimed him as his property. It seems very shocking to us, now, to hear of a man being considered the property of any other man; but so it used to be, before that great injustice was done away.

Now, just imagine the feelings of that man Somerset; he had thought himself free; he was getting into the way of earning his own living, and managing for himself, and living the life of a free man, when suddenly he was to be dragged back into slavery. He must have felt that it is a fearful injustice for one man to treat another man as his property; but he, the sufferer, had no power to defend himself. Was there no one to help him? Was there no one to see justice done? Very likely many people may have seen the look of terror and dismay on the face of that poor man as his master took hold of him; and perhaps some of them thought it a great shame, a great injustice, but they thought it was no concern of theirs, and they did nothing. Happily, there was one man of a nobler spirit there—Granville Sharp, who felt that it *was* his concern to get justice for this poor negro. So he took

care not to lose sight of him ; he watched where his master took him, and at length succeeded in getting his case tried before the judges. That trial not only gave freedom to this one man, Somerset, it did a great deal more, for it made it the law of England that there cannot be a slave on English soil ; that is, that if a slave sets foot on English territory, he is instantly free. Many a black man, and many a black woman owed their freedom to this new law, and some of them learned to speak with gratitude the name of Granville Sharp—the man who felt indignant at wrongs that he himself would never suffer from, and who strove earnestly to get justice done for those who could not defend themselves.

One day, after this law was declared, that 'as soon as a slave sets foot upon English territory, he is free,' a lady was sitting at her open window, in one of those pleasant houses that overlook the Thames in London, when a loud cry was heard from one of the boats going down the river : it was the name of Granville Sharp—shrieked out in an imploring tone of agony : then all was silent.

Perhaps a hundred people may have heard that voice, for the cry was a piercing one ; and perhaps some of those people thought to themselves—'Surely that must be some poor

negro, who is being unjustly carried away to slavery, and who calls upon Granville Sharp, the friend of the negroes, to save him. What a pity it is that Granville Sharp is not here to see to it. Poor fellow, somebody ought to see justice done him ; however, I can do nothing, so it is of no use to make myself unhappy about his fate.'

But that lady, sitting at her window, was not content to say '*Somebody* ought to see justice done'; No, she said to herself, 'I must do it, and I will try to get justice for that injured man.' So she quickly ran out, and went along the river-side, trying to make out from which of the many boats on the river that voice came ; but it was never heard again, and she could see no sign of anyone in distress.

Without losing time, she went on into the city, to the Lord Mayor ; told him what she had heard, and implored him to stop the boats and ships going down the river, and have a search made, to find out whether there was a negro being carried away against his will.

This was done : all the ships and boats were stopped, and searched, and, at last, a negro was found in the hold of one of the ships : he had been gagged, something had been put into his mouth which prevented his crying out again ; so that, if that lady had not been quick

and decided as to what she ought to do, or if the Lord Mayor had not given orders directly to search the ships and boats, that poor man would have been carried off to the West Indies, and perhaps been a slave for the rest of his life.

Surely the examples of Granville Sharp, and of this lady should inspire every one of us with the feeling that we must not be content with simply trying to get our own rights, but must also strive to get other people their rights.

It is not only men and women, but even young people and children, have this same duty, in their different degrees. We ought all of us—men, women, and children, to have such a love of justice that we could not bear to see a wrong done to another, without considering whether there is something we could do that might help to put a stop to it.

There are many wrongs in the world which we have no power to set right. But there are many small matters in which each one of us might have some power for good, if we would but exert ourselves in the cause of justice. Sometimes, even to say a few words, to express our opinion, and point out the wrong that is being done, may do good.

Therefore, if you should see one of your companions doing some wrong to another, do

not selfishly think it is no concern of yours, but try whether you cannot do or say something that might help to put a stop to that wrong and cause justice to be done. Remember the precept of St. Paul, 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.'

M. M.

FAITHFULNESS TO DUTY.

'Be strong in the Lord.'—EPH. vi. 10.

THESE words are taken from one of the letters, or epistles as we call them, that Paul wrote. Paul, you know, travelled about to many countries, soon after the time of Christ—preaching the good news of God's mercy, and telling people to repent and give up their sins and to become followers of Christ. He met with many dangers and hardships, as we read in the book of Acts, and in the letters that he wrote to many of those among whom he had been preaching. He tells them that he had been three times beaten with rods, once stoned, several times put in prison, and three times shipwrecked; that he had been often in danger, by sea and by land—danger from robbers, from the heathen, and from those who pretended to be his friends; besides suffering much from hunger and thirst, from cold and weariness. He went through all this, that he might do the work that God had given him to do. And he tells his friends, that if they mean to be faithful followers of Christ, they

must endure hardships, and not expect to find things always go smoothly.

I suppose everybody would like to be good if it were always easy. A lady was once teaching a class of boys who were very rude and ill-behaved. They wanted her to read a story to them ; but she thought it better first to try and teach them something that would help them to be wiser or better, though she had no objection to read a story afterwards. When she began the story, one of the boys said, 'Now you'll see how good we can be!' They were quiet and attentive for the rest of the time ; but I do not think she gave them any good marks for that, for she did not call it being good, to do nothing wrong when they had all they wished, and no temptation to do wrong. It is easy for a boy or girl to be good when all the rest of the class are good. But when one begins to talk or play the others are apt to do so too, because they are not strong or steady enough in goodness to resist a bad example.

Sometimes, when I tell a girl not to talk, she says, 'Teacher, the girl next me made me do it.' Made you do it—how so? If one girl talks when she ought not, the other is not obliged to answer. It would be better if she either took no notice, and went on steadily

attending to what the teacher was saying, or just said 'Hush! we musn't talk now.' Then she would be helping her companion to be good, by setting a good example, instead of following a bad one.

'Be strong in the Lord,' says Paul. That is, be brave and steadfast, with God's help, to resist temptation. And one of the writers of the old Testament says, 'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'

Sometimes a boy is persuaded by idle companions to play truant—and then they lead him on by degrees to do something more and more wrong, till perhaps he gets sent to prison. What a disgrace for him, and what a grief for his parents! I dare say he never thought, when first he was persuaded to play truant, that it would come to that. How much better it would have been if he had been brave and steady enough to say 'No' at once!

Perhaps, when you hear of a brave boy, you think it means one who is ready to fight. But that is not what I mean. Many a boy or man would be ready to fight—much too ready—who would not be brave enough to do what was right when others laughed at him or teased him for doing so.

There was a little boy who was sent to a large school where the boys were all strangers

to him. It was a boarding-school, where the boys not only did their lessons, but had their meals and slept; so he could not go home in the evening and tell his mother about his troubles, but he had to sleep in a large room with a number of bigger boys, and he felt very shy and lonely, for he had never been away from his mother before; and he did not like even to wash his face without asking one of the other boys if he might, for he did not see any of the others do it. But there was one thing he did without asking anybody's leave though none of the others did it. His mother had taught him to kneel down and say a prayer every night before he went to bed; and he felt that he ought to do it; so, though he did not at all like doing it before all these strange boys, he knelt down and said it, just as if he had been in his room at home. I do not know what he said in his prayer, but I daresay he asked God to help him always to be a good boy, and never be afraid to do what was right. And I daresay it was a comfort to him to remember that God was near, and could hear his prayer, and help him.

One of the other boys, whose name was Tom, thought to himself, when he saw what little Arthur did, 'Why, this little fellow, that I thought such a coward, is braver than I am

after all!' For Tom, too, had been taught by his mother to say a prayer every night, but since he came to school he had left it off, because he was afraid the boys would laugh at him. But now he determined that he would begin doing it again; and he determined, too, that he would be a friend to little Arthur, and neither let the other boys laugh at him, nor lead him into temptation, but help him to keep steady and good.*

Do not think that you will be brave and steady when you are men, without trying to be so when you are boys. I have heard of men who 'couldn't say "No"' when their companions offered them something to drink, and so got into habits of drunkenness, because they had not learnt when they were boys to say 'No' when their companions tried to persuade them to do what was wrong. Jesus Christ says, 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; but he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.' That means, that if we begin by doing right in little things, we shall be able to do right in greater things, when the opportunity comes, but not otherwise.

* See 'Tom Brown's School Days.'

And it is just as true of girls and women as it is of boys and men. Girls will often spend so much in dress that they cannot afford to help a sick father or mother, just because they cannot bear to be laughed at for not being so smart as their companions.

I will tell you of a man who was strong, brave, and faithful in a severe and sudden trial; and I have no doubt that what made him so was that he had always been accustomed to do right in smaller things. He was a policeman named Brett, and had charge of the prison van. He had the keys, and it was his business to keep the prisoners safe; he was trusted to do it. Suddenly some men rushed up and held a pistol to his head, saying 'Give up the keys directly, or we'll shoot you!' They wanted to rescue the prisoners—to set them free; and they could not get at them without unlocking the door. Did the policeman give up the keys? No,—he felt that it was his duty to keep the prisoners safe, and he did his duty. He would not give up the keys. So the men shot him dead, in less time than it takes to tell you this!

He was faithful unto death. And I think God would say to him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'

One thing more I have to say to you. When

Paul says, 'Be strong in the Lord,' he means, Be brave and steadfast in doing the work that God would have you do, and trust in Him, and He will give you strength. Without God's help, we should be weak indeed. Even Christ said, 'I can of mine own self do nothing.'

M. C. M.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.*

'All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.'
—PSALM xlii. 7.

'And God said, Let there be light, and there was light.'—GENESIS i. 3.

TO-DAY I have two stories to tell you, and though at first you may think they are quite separate and have nothing to do with each other, if you listen to both you will at the end be able to join them together, and see why I tell you the first, which is a story of something which I saw myself.

Once I went a voyage to the Mediterranean Sea. We started from Liverpool, and went past the coast of Wales; we stopped at the Scilly Islands, which lie off the end of Cornwall, and then we crossed the Bay of Biscay and went to Spain; and after calling at several places in Spain and Portugal we turned round the point of Portugal called Cape St. Vincent, where the tall lighthouse sends its light far out to sea from the high headland; and after a long time more we passed Trafalgar Bay where

* The idea of the latter part of this address is taken from part of Dean Stanley's sermon (American) on the 'Perplexities of Life.'

the great battle of Trafalgar was fought: we saw Gibraltar, where the great rock rises suddenly out of the sea, and the gay town stands on the edge of the water, and climbs up the steep slope of the rock; and where the brave men who were killed at Trafalgar have lain quietly in their peaceful graves in a garden gay with flowers ever since the year 1805.

The evening came on. The rock of Gibraltar had faded away behind us into the darkness; the wind was strong and the sea was very rough; we went down into the cabin for shelter, but after a while I thought I would go up on deck and see what the night was like. So I went up the little staircase and on to the deck, and there such a sight met me as I have never seen before nor since. The sky was very dark, but full of thousands of sparkling stars: the water looked like ink, and the great waves were rolling and splashing and hissing; but the water was not all dark, for as I looked over the side of the ship it seemed as if it were a fairy ship all made of glass and brightly lighted inside and the light shining through, for close round the ship the water was lighted up by a most brilliant sparkling shining light,—almost dazzling to look at; and when the spray splashed up it was like showers of the brightest stars; the more the water splashed the

brighter shone the light in it, and all the track where the ship had been was a shining path across the inky waters. And every wave had a crest of foam, and all the foamy crests,—out away to the horizon, as far as eye could see,—were crests of light, each shining like clusters of thousands of stars.

You can hardly fancy how beautiful it was; but you can believe that that night we were not in a hurry to go to bed. One of the sailors got a bucket with a long rope, and let it down into the sea, and brought up a pail full of the shining water; and he poured it out on the deck, and it was as if the deck was sown with stars; and we dipped our hands into the bucket of water and when we took them out we had shining stars all over our hands. The doctor fetched his microscope, and put one of the little stars of light into it, but before he could properly look at it, the light went nearly out, and he could not see what made the sparkles. I believe it is supposed to be thousands of a little tiny sort of insect, but the light is chiefly seen when the sea is rough and the water splashing.

We were at sea many a night after that, but I never saw it the same again,—only sometimes a few separate sparkles in the tossy part of the water near the ship.

And now for my second story.

There was a boy named Paul, who lived with his father, mother and younger brother Charlie in a poor little house in the country. Paul and Charlie were not happy at home, for though they dearly loved their mother, their father was often unkind to them and very hard upon them. He was really fond of them, but still he did not treat them well. When Paul was about thirteen they were sent away from home to a school in a seaport town; but they were very miserable; they were half starved, and beaten; and they dare not ask their father to take them away; so they ran away from school, and went as cabin boys on board a ship. But here too they were very wretched; the sailors were rough and rude, and the poor boys got kicked and knocked about, and they were dreadfully sea-sick. The hardships were too much for Charlie; and though Paul was a good brother to him and helped and saved him all he could, poor Charlie was very ill,—and at last he died.

Paul was so wretched, he thought he should die too: he said to himself that it was all his fault, for he had got Charlie to run away with him.

They buried Charlie in the deep, deep sea; and as Paul crept out of his little bed up to

the deck that night to look down into the dark water and think of Charlie, and wonder if it was very cold there, he felt so sad ;—and from somewhere in his memory some words came back to him, 'All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me.'

But Paul did not die : he lived to reach a distant country and get work there, and do well ; he was a wood cutter and lived in a forest with a little party of people settled there. He did not write home : often and often he thought of his mother and longed for her ; but he said, 'I dare not tell her about Charlie, —it would kill her—and father would be so angry with me.' But he meant to go home as soon as he had earned enough money.

But he did not get rich, and he stayed year after year, and grew up to be a man : and at last he married a girl he loved who lived in a little wooden house near. And then he was happy, except for thoughts of home and longings to know about his parents. And his wife begged him to write ; and then he said he would, but he put it off and he did not write.

After a while a little boy was born to him : and as he looked at the baby he made a vow that he would never be hard to his boy, and make him run away.

But the baby sickened, and was very ill of a fever ; and as Paul sat by him and watched whilst the mother rested, he remembered his mother and how she nursed him when he was ill ; and all his childhood came back to him, and he longed to see her again : but the thought of his father's anger stood in the way. When the baby was very restless Paul took him in his arms to soothe him, and tried to sing to him. Little songs that he had heard his mother sing to Charlie when he was a baby were all that would come into his mind : and when he tried to sing them his voice was choked with the sorrowful thoughts and longings after his mother.

But one night as Paul and his wife sat watching by the little boy's bed, the child passed gently from sleeping into death, and in the silence of the night the two stood now alone in their solitude. And the mother murmured to Paul, ' Thy waves and thy billows have gone over me ; ' and Paul's thoughts were filled with memories of the sea that rolled between him and his old home,—of the waves and billows that had gone over Charlie's body as they dropped it into the dark water,—he remembered how those very words had come into his mind then, with a meaning they had never had before ; and he thought of the sea

of troubles that had rolled over his life, wave after wave. But yet another wave was driving towards him. His wife took the fever,—and after a few days more Paul was alone indeed, for she, too, died. Before she died, she said to him, 'Promise me that you will go to your mother, Paul.' And Paul promised.

And he went. But the ship in which he sailed met a fearful storm, and they were wrecked; and a few men took to the boats, and in one of the boats was Paul. They fought with the waves, which were enormous and rose up like great hills, and seemed going to fall on them and swallow up their little boat. They had a hard fight to keep the boat's head round to face the awful waves, and meet them: but the thing that threatened them most was the curling white crest of the waves, when it broke over; and if they had for a moment ceased to watch for these, and keep the head of the boat steadily towards them, they would have been swamped. As Paul watched these terrible white crests rushing towards them incessantly, again the words came back to him from the past, 'All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me.' And the waves of sad thoughts rolled over him, of his home again, of the unhappiness which made him run away, of Charlie, and his death, and his grave in the

rolling sea, of his baby boy, and of his wife who had said these words to him : each sorrow seemed a greater and more terrible wave than the last : and then he thought of his father, and his anger towards him, and he felt as if even yet he hardly dared to face him, even if ever he should get home. Yet the thought of his mother kept him up, and he thought he could do anything and brave anything to see her once again.

But the darkness came on ; the huge green waves grew to look as black as ink, and the men talked breathlessly of what they should do when it grew quite dark, and they could no longer see those breaking waves : they were sure that when the darkness came their last chance would be gone, and their boat must be swamped, and they must drown.

And with the darkness there settled down on Paul's heart one thought which seemed to him like darkness and night to all his hopes. What if he reached home and if his mother should be dead ? Then, indeed, all the billows would have gone over him ; and if this were to be his lot he hoped indeed that the waves would drown him.

But as the night came on, the fierce waves which the men thought they should not see in the darkness, had each a shining crest of light ;

and the more they splashed and crested and foamed, the brighter shone the light; and so all through the night they steered their little boat safely; and when morning dawned a ship was seen, and they were picked up and taken on board.

And Paul went home. He found the old home, and in it an old man living alone. It was his father. His mother had died, as in that dark night he had feared. But when his father saw him,—out of that dark, dark wave of sorrow of the mother's death came a crown of light: his father's anger was gone, and his real love gleamed out, for the dear sake of her who was gone and who had so loved Paul and Charlie; and the father received Paul gladly, and they two lived together in peace and love.

And so it happened, that what before it came to Paul he thought the deepest darkness, —the last and worst wave of grief, which should overwhelm and crush him quite,— came to him with a crest of light; and the mother's love remained to unite the two she loved best when she was no more with them upon the earth.

It was the Lord who said in the midst of the deepest darkness, 'Let there be light, and there was light.'

G. M.

HEROISM. I.

'Then said Jesus unto his disciples, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it. For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"'

—MATTHEW xvi. 24—26.

WE all admire and love unselfish people, who are willing to sacrifice their own comfort or pleasure for the sake of others. And when very difficult and trying circumstances occur, and give-occasion to an unselfish person to exercise self-devotion to a great extent and to prove his willingness to suffer much for the sake of others, or for the sake of duty, we call such conduct heroic, and admire it extremely.

A hero is one who has performed some great and noble deed, one who has done something that is right and good to do, but very difficult and painful: generally it is something for the good of others, which required a great self-sacrifice on his part; he knew that, in performing this good action, he should, either certainly or very likely, incur some great loss or harm

to himself; and yet, knowing that, he was willing to do and to suffer what duty required.

There have been unselfish people in all ages of the world, and even some whose unselfishness has amounted to heroism; but there have been many more such in Christian times than before, because Christ taught that lesson so plainly and so well, and set an example of perfect devotion to duty—perfect obedience to the will of God, whatever it might require.

The steadfastness of Christ in doing what he knew to be right led to his death; and, as a cross was the instrument of his death, the cross has, ever since, been the symbol of self-devotion to duty. Thus, to say that a person takes up his cross, is to say, in a very expressive manner, that that person has been in trying circumstances, where he had to choose between two things—on the one hand, his own ease and safety; and, on the other, the performance of some difficult and painful duty, which his conscience told him would be good and right. He felt it would be cowardly to refuse that great duty, and so he had chosen to do what was right, with a brave determination to endure the consequences, however painful.

Many of you have heard of James Maxwell: he was a true hero, for he was willing to suffer much in the performance of duty, and for the

sake of his fellow-creatures. We may indeed say, that he took up his cross.

James Maxwell was steersman in a steam vessel going from Scotland to Ireland, and carrying a great many passengers, as well as the crew. The vessel took fire, and the only hope of saying the lives of all those people depended on whether they could reach the land before the flames consumed them.

The coast was a very dangerous one, beset with huge masses of rock, which stood out into the sea, and made it impossible to land, except at one narrow opening between the rocks. This little harbour was just wide enough to allow the vessel to pass in, but it would require great skill, and a steady hand, to steer the vessel through this opening, and if the steersman failed all would be lost. For a moment James raised his eyes to heaven, and prayed—'My God, help me to do my duty: it is hard, but let me not fail: and O, my God, if I perish in it, provide for my wife, my mother, and my child.' Then, fixing his eyes on that part of the coast that he hoped to reach, he stood firm and self-possessed, knowing that if there were a possibility of saving all on board from a terrible death, it depended upon him alone to do it.

The heat of the fire kept the steam engine in violent action, and the ship flew through

the water at a wonderful speed : but still the doubt was—Should they reach the land in time ? and would the steersman have strength and steadiness enough to guide the ship into the harbour ; or would it be dashed against the rocks and be wrecked ?

The passengers had been roused from sleep and hurried on to the deck ; and there, gathered together at the fore part of the ship, they were, for the present, perfectly comfortable, for the speed of the vessel kept that end quite free from smoke or fire, while the wind carried both smoke and flames backward, towards where the self-devoted steersman stood, like a martyr at the stake. The captain and crew did what they could to keep the place where he stood deluged with water, but it became more and more difficult to do so, for the devouring fire crept steadily on, and, at length, no one dared to go near him. The fire now caught the cabin under him, and the spot on which he stood immovable became intensely heated. Still the hero never flinched. Every now and then the wind blew aside the mass of smoke and flames that divided the one end of the ship from the other ; and then were heard exclamations of hope and gratitude, as the multitude at the prow caught a glimpse of the brave man, standing calm and fixed, on his dreadful post of duty.

Now, I want you to consider what keeps him there—nothing but his conscience and his will. He is not tied, as the martyrs used to be tied to the stake at which they were burned.

If he were to run forward to where the others are, he would be as comfortable as they; and when the ship strikes upon the rocks, as it must soon do if it were not steered, he would have a better chance than most of them, for he is strong and active, and might hope to save his life by swimming. That is what he would have done had he been a selfish man, or an undutiful one. But no—he feels that God has given him this painful duty to perform, and though he expects to die at it, he is determined not to run away from it. And so he holds on to the wheel, and keeps his eye fixed on the opening to the little harbour. The blazing vessel, glaring through the darkness of night, was seen by the people on shore, who assembled near the little harbour between the rocks, holding lights in their hands. This very much assisted James Maxwell, by directing him how to steer. His feet were roasted on the deck, but he thought of nothing but his duty, and was happily able to bring the ship through the narrow passage, and alongside a narrow ledge of rocks; but only just in time —a few minutes more, and James Maxwell

would have been stifled by the smoke, and consumed by the flames ; the ship would have been burned down to the level of the water, or dashed against the rocks, and all on board would have perished miserably.

Of course, the moment the ship touched the ledge of rocks everyone leaped out upon them, and not one was hurt, except the brave man who had devoted himself to secure the safety of the rest.

For some time it was feared that this great deed of self-devotion had cost the hero his life. Although the flames had never actually touched him, the heat to which he had been exposed was so intense that his hair, and a fur cap, and thick coat which he wore, were so scorched that they crumbled into powder when touched.

A clever physician, in admiration of this heroic conduct, gave his best skill and attention to his restoration, and happily succeeded in saving his life. But Maxwell never recovered the effects of this terrible burning. His powerful frame became bent and feeble, his young face grew ten years older, and his hair turned grey with the dreadful sufferings of this night. But he was always glad that he had been steadfast to do this painful duty ; and his wife, however proud she used to be of her strong and handsome husband, was much more proud of

her heroic husband who had saved the lives of so many people.

When we hear of a brave and good action like this, how we admire the man who performed it! We cannot help wishing that, if we were in his circumstances, we might be brave enough to do as well. Let us ask ourselves this question—'Supposing we were in circumstances that called for heroic self-devotion, should we be capable of it? Should we be willing to take up our cross, and suffer pain for the sake of duty?' Perhaps our conscience answers sorrowfully—'No.' If so the reason is that we are not sufficiently unselfish. Those who habitually allow themselves to act selfishly will never be capable of anything great and good. If you wish to be capable of heroism, supposing a great occasion gave you the opportunity, you must train yourselves to unselfishness in small, everyday matters first: you must gain self-control by overcoming small temptations, and then, when you have learned to follow conscience rather than inclination, you may perhaps, some day, find that you have done something that is really noble. For, 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.'

M. M.

HEROISM. II.

'This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'—JOHN XV. 12, 13.

WHAT a beautiful and a happy life this might be, if all who call themselves disciples of Jesus really did love one another! There would then be no injustice, no cruelty, no wrong done by one to another. We should then be spared most of the worst evils, and the great sorrows that we now suffer from.

But see what a great and difficult commandment this is: we are to love one another as Jesus loved His disciples. We are even to be willing, if necessary, to lay down our life for our friends.

Is this too difficult a task? Is it too great an extent of virtue to be expected from men, and women, and children, such as we are? No, it is not too much to be expected of us. There have been good men and women, and even children, who have shown that human nature is capable of heroic self-devotion—of self-devotion to duty, of self-sacrifice for the sake

of their fellow creatures, up to that highest point of being willing, if necessary, to lay down their life for their friends.

You have sometimes heard of single instances of heroism, where some noble-hearted unselfish man or woman performed, all alone, a deed of heroic self-devotion, like that of James Maxwell, about which I spoke to you a short time ago. He was willing, if necessary, to lay down his life for his friends. Such an action singles out one man as being noble beyond the ordinary level of human nature.

We all admire unselfish devotion to duty, and nobleness of character: at least, if there are any who do not admire virtue in others, it is a proof that, as yet, they are themselves in a very low state of mind; and it is to be hoped that they will become capable, first of admiring what is higher and better than themselves, and then, at length, of following the good example.

Goodness and nobility of character are very catching, and it is well they are so, for sin and all kinds of evil are also very catching, and spread fast from one person to many. To-day I am going to tell you how a noble determination of self-sacrifice for the good of others spread through a whole community, until a whole village full of common-place people

became heroes, willing, if necessary, to lay down their lives for the sake of others.

Perhaps many of you have heard of the great Plague of London, in the years 1664 and 1665, more than two hundred years ago, which carried off one out of six of the inhabitants.

Still more terrible was the fate of the people of Eyam, a little village in Derbyshire.

The plague is a terrible disease, which, like most other bad things, and like some good things, too, is very catching.

Some thoughtless person in London, little thinking what harm he was doing, sent a box full of cloth clothes and tailors' patterns to a tailor at Eyam. The man who opened that box was almost directly struck with the plague, and died in three or four days. This was in September, 1665. Several persons in the village took it, and died during that month and the next, so that the whole village was in terror of the dreadful disease that spread so fast. People avoided the infected houses, and would not go near anyone who belonged to an infected family. Fortunately for this unfortunate village there was a good clergyman there, Mr. Mompesson, who never deserted his post of duty, and went about among the ill and dying. The disease went on, carrying off many victims during the winter: horror and

dismay filled the village, and some people who were best able to afford it fled to escape from this fearful form of death.

Mr. Mompesson's beautiful young wife implored him to go away, and take their two little children to a place of safety. He answered her that it was his duty to remain and comfort and sustain his people, but that she and the children might go. This she refused to do, declaring that if he remained she would stay with him : so, only the children were sent away to some relations. It was a sad parting, for that loving mother had a sad foreboding that she should never see her darlings again—a foreboding which proved true.

With the hot weather of the next June, the pestilence spread with more fearful rapidity : terror seized on all the villagers, and most of them were thinking of fleeing away to other villages and towns ; but Mr. Mompesson represented to them that, by this time, every family was probably more or less infected, and if they went now, and took refuge in other places, they would be almost sure to carry the infection with them, and spread the plague among a much larger population. He persuaded them rather to doom themselves to death, by staying than to cause others to share the danger with them, by carrying the infection

to places as yet pure. With courageous self-devotion, the people all agreed to his proposal; and they decided on a boundary line, about half-a-mile outside the village, beyond which they all solemnly promised never to go. And it is greatly to their honour that they all kept this virtuous resolution, for, of all the men, women, and children of that devoted village not one strayed beyond the limits agreed upon. They all remained there until the pestilence was over, and most of them were dead.

What was there to prevent their escape from this plague-stricken spot, where they were so likely to die if they remained? Nothing but their own sense of duty, and their promise to one another. There was no guard at the boundary-line: a whole regiment of soldiers along that line could not have prevented some from escaping, if they were determined to do so; but not one tried to get away.

No doubt, it was owing to this virtuous resolve, and the faithfulness with which it was kept, that the pestilence spread no further than the one devoted village.

Mr. Mompesson wrote to the Duke of Devonshire, who lived (at Chatsworth) only a few miles from Eyam, telling him of the virtuous determination of the villagers, and asking for some help for them; and the Duke

supplied them with food, medicines, and other things, till the end of that trying time. Each morning, some people sent by him carried food, and other necessaries, as far as the boundary-line, left them there, and fled in fear. Then, a little later, some of the villagers, chosen by Mr. Mompesson, went and fetched the things, and they were divided.

In the hot weather of autumn the plague raged still more fearfully. The people were afraid to come near to their neighbours, so, instead of assembling in church, the good clergyman met his diminished flock in a little valley outside the village ; and there he prayed with them, and preached to them, he standing under an arch in an ivy-covered rock, and they, seated at a little distance from each other, on the grassy slope.

The beautiful wife of the good Mr. Mompesson caught the infection, and, in spite of all his loving care, in two days she was dead ; but, in the midst of his own grief, he never left off trying to comfort his people, whose friends were dying also, and encouraging them to keep faithful to their promise.

At last the plague ceased ; but not before it had killed five out of every six of the inhabitants, so that hardly sixty were left alive out of 350 men, women, and children, who belonged

to that pretty little village. But they died a heroic death; and when we hear of such self-devotion, we surely must admire it.

Let us also consider whether we could be as brave and unselfish as these good people of Eyam. It is not at all likely that we should ever have the same dreadful duty put before us that those people had, for infectious diseases are better managed now: but we may have smaller trials, in which we have to choose between what is good for ourselves and what is our duty to others: and we shall not be good Christians unless we are willing to give up much that would be good for ourselves for the sake of others.

Think sometimes of the people of Eyam, and their heroic self-devotion.

'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'

M. M.

THE NEW YEAR.

'Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favour with God and man.'—LUKE ii. 52.

SINCE we last met here, the old year has ended and the new one has begun. We are each of us a year older than we were on the first Sunday of last year—a year nearer to death. Are we nearer to God? more like to Christ? more fit for heaven? Most of you have grown taller; have you grown wiser and better?

If we look back on the past year, I think we shall all find many things done that we ought not to have done—many things left undone that we ought to have done. We cannot alter that now. We can only ask God to forgive us, and help us to do better in the year that is now begun. When you have written a page badly in your copy-book, or blotted it, you cannot alter it and make it look neat and clean. But when you turn over, there is a nice clean white page before you. You can resolve to take more pains there, and make it look nicer than the page you have finished.

Well, entering on a new year is something like turning over a new page. The new year is before us—we have only just begun it; let us resolve to make it an improvement upon the old, and let us ask God to help us, and to forgive us what we have done wrong in the past year.

I have been reading to you about Jesus when he was a boy; how he increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favour with God and man. That means, that he not only grew taller, but he grew wiser and better too, so that God and man loved him more and more. And he has set us an example, shown us what we ought to be; and though we shall never be as good as he was, yet the more we try to be like him, the better we shall be.

When his mother found him in the temple, he said he must be about his Father's business; he meant his Heavenly Father, who is our Father too. He knew that God had a great work for him to do when he was grown up; and that he must prepare himself for it, by learning all he could while he was young. God has work for all of us to do. I cannot tell, nor can you, what He may call you to do when you grow up; but your work now is to come to school, and learn all you can,—and to obey your parents, and help them at home, if you can,—and to be kind to your brothers and

sisters, and set a good example to the younger ones; and if you do this work faithfully now, you will be fitting yourselves to do a larger work when you are older. Most of you know the parable of the talents, and that God gives to every one of us some means of usefulness and improvement; and if we are faithful, and make the most of what we have, He will trust us with more by and by; but if we are idle, and waste what we have, that shows that we are not fit to be entrusted with more, and we shall lose even what we have.

Jesus, after his parents had found him in the temple, went back with them to Nazareth, and was obedient to them. He was content to be only a carpenter's son, helping his father at his work. I have seen a beautiful picture of him in the carpenter's shop, looking as if he longed to do some greater work, and yet was content to wait till God called him—till he was nearly thirty years old. And it was by being faithful in small duties at home, that he became fit for his great works afterwards.

Now I want each of you to look back on your conduct in the past year, and see what has been amiss in it, and how you can improve on it in this year that has just begun.

Some of you perhaps are apt to be idle over lessons, and waste your time in talking and

playing. Remember that the opportunity of learning is a talent that God gives you, and that He expects you to make the most of it. Think of Jesus, who was about his Father's business from his childhood, never losing an opportunity of learning ; and try to be like him.

Some, perhaps, are apt to disobey their parents, and to do what they like, without thinking whether it is what they ought. Well, God has given you your parents to love and to guide you, while you are young, The time may come—will come, if you live to be old—when you will no longer have a father or mother to look up to ; and you will wish then that you had loved them more, and been more obedient to them, while you were young. Think of Jesus, and remember that he was obedient to his parents while he was young ; and take pattern by him.

Many of us are apt to be selfish. I often see boys and girls scrambling for the best places and find them eager to tell of each other's faults, not of their own. We are too apt to think of ourselves and what we should like, rather than what will be pleasant for others. Now, the great lesson that Christ's life teaches is, that we must not be selfish. He 'came not to be ministered unto' (that is, not to be served and waited on), 'but to minister' (to

help others) 'and to give his life for the many.' He has set us an example, that we should do as he did; not the same things, because our work is not the same as his; but that we should work in his spirit—a spirit of love to God, and to all our brethren of mankind—a spirit of faithfulness to duty. Let us all try, during this year, to become less selfish; let us learn to think of others and care for others. And then we shall be growing more like Christ.

Some of us, again, are apt to be angry, or cross, or impatient—to return evil for evil. If a boy hits you, you think you must hit him back again. Now, this is the old savage spirit—not the spirit of Christ. Christ came to bring peace on earth, and goodwill to men. He says, 'Blessed are the peace-makers'; and he teaches us to love our enemies, and do good to them that hate us, and to forgive, as we hope to be forgiven. And you know he would not let his disciples fight, even to save him from being taken and put to death; and he died, forgiving even those who crucified him. Well, let us think of him, and learn of him to be gentle and patient and good-tempered. It is very sad to think how slow the world is to learn his lessons of peace and goodwill and meekness; to think of all the wars, the hatred, the fighting, and quarrelling, that are in the world still, even

eighteen hundred years after Christ came to bring peace and goodwll. But if we try and rule our own tempers, we shall be helping others to be meek and gentle too, and so doing a little to help on the coming of that blessed time when the world will be all peaceful. For I believe that time will come, and that the world is growing better by degrees, though very slowly.

Again, some of us are apt to think too highly of ourselves. We see others about us, who we think have greater faults than we, and we think 'Oh, I'm better than So-and-so!' Well, it may be so, or it may be not. Sometimes we see other people's faults more clearly than our own. What we have to aim at is not to be better than So-and-so (who perhaps has not had the same opportunities and advantages that we have), but to be as good as possible—to be like Jesus. And even he, when some one called him 'Good Master,' said, 'Why callest thou me good? none is good save one, that is, God.'

If we look into our own hearts, I think we shall find that we are apt to fall into one or other of these faults—idleness, disobedience, selfishness, ill-temper, pride. Whichever it is, let us try and struggle with it in the year that is now begun, that if we live to see another year, we may be better Christians then than we are now.

If we live. We cannot tell whether we shall all be living when the next new year comes. This may be the last for me, or for any one of you who are listening to me. Death comes to the young as well as to the old ; and sometimes it comes very suddenly. But I do not think sudden death is always a thing to be dreaded.

Those who are taken suddenly are often saved much suffering. It is well for us that we cannot choose the time or the manner of our death. That is in God's hands ; He knows what is best for us, and loves us better even than our parents on earth can love us ; and He will do what is best for us. We do not know what He may have in store for any one of us during this year. But He is our Shepherd ; He has been very good to us all through our past lives. Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our lives ; and we can trust Him to do what is best for us in the days and years that are still to come. If He should see fit to send us sorrow, we must ask Him to help us to bear it ; and if, in the course of this year, He should see fit to call us away from this world, may we be found watching, and ready to enter into the joy of our Lord !

M. C. M.

SACRIFICE.

'Whosoever offereth a sacrifice . . . . unto the Lord . . . . it shall be perfect. There shall be no blemish therein.'—LEV. xxii. 21.

WHEN we read in the Bible of the sacrifices which the Jews thought that God wished them to make—killing a dove or a lamb, or, if they were rich enough, an ox, and burning it on an altar for God's sake and to show their obedience to Him, or to ask Him to grant them something that they wanted—we think to ourselves how strange a thing it was to do, and how blind those old Jews were to think that they pleased God, by killing, for His sake, the creatures which He had made alive! But though we do not now kill pigeons and lambs and burn them on altars to please God, those old Jews had got hold of a very profound truth which their custom of sacrifices told, in a very plain way, to the people. And the truth at the bottom of the custom was this, that we cannot live a life that pleases God unless we are ready to *give up* something that

we value and care for, for God's sake. And it was not only 'something' which they had to give up for God's sake, but they had to mind that what they gave up was something *perfect* in its kind—'The sacrifice shall be perfect; there shall be no blemish therein.' They might not say, 'Oh, this poor little lamb is lame; it will never be of any use; it will do for a sacrifice.' They would have thought that a most wicked thing to do, because it would have been giving to God something that they did *not* want; it would have been making a very imperfect and grudging sacrifice to the great and wonderful God, who gave them everything they had.

Though we do not kill lambs and pigeons for sacrifices, are we not also called to make sacrifices? We have to make little sacrifices every day, almost every hour: the little sacrifices are the lambs and doves. Sometimes, when we are rich enough in heart to be asked for so much, we have to give a *great* sacrifice, and that is the ox, which only the rich can afford.

When a child is asked to give up some of his toys to a companion, that both may be able to play, that is God asking for a little sacrifice. The child thinks a minute, and then says, 'Well, here is one that is a little broken; you

can have that; I don't care for it.' Is that a sacrifice without blemish?—a sacrifice perfect of its kind? Is it a sacrifice at all? No; he must think again; and if he says, 'Well, here is my nicest toy, you shall have that,' then he makes a perfect sacrifice, even though the toy be the smallest of toys.

A little girl asked her mother's leave to go out and play with a companion, but her mother said she wanted her to stay at home and look after the little ones, whilst she herself was obliged to go out. 'I am very sorry, Ruth, but I can't let you go just now,' said she. Ruth had to sacrifice what she wanted; but she was very sulky; she was cross to the little ones, and would not play with them; and though she did make the sacrifice which was required of her, and stayed at home, it was not made with the cheerful looks and sunny face of one who gives something for some one she loves. She nursed her discontent, and kept saying to herself, 'It's very hard; it's a shame; *just* when I wanted to go so much!' So she made every one uncomfortable or unhappy, because she was not pleased. Was that a true and perfect sacrifice? Was there not a sad blemish in that? She made the sacrifice, but she grudged it; it was unwillingly made. 'God loveth a cheerful giver;' but this she had

either forgotten or never heard of. If you remember these words, they will often help you through a difficult little sacrifice.

I said we had to make little sacrifices almost every hour. Let us take a few hours of any common day, such as comes to any of us, and see what they contain. First, you have to get up. Who doesn't know how much one wants to lie in bed? It seems as if one never wanted to lie a little longer so much as when one *knows* one must get up! Well, then, there is a little sacrifice to make: do not spoil it by making it a half-sacrifice and lying too long. Then there are perhaps boots to clean—'What a bother it is! Can't I leave it till I come in from school?' No; do it cheerfully at once; putting it off will not make you like it any better, and then every one will have had to go out in dirty boots. Then comes breakfast: 'Why should the little ones be helped first? Besides, there isn't butter for every one; don't give it all away; I shan't get any.' Where is your sacrifice now? 'Be quick, Harry,' says the mother; 'I want you to run an errand before school, and you mustn't be late.' Harry complains, 'But I *shall* be late if I go; I really can't go;' and he wastes the time in arguing instead of going. At last he goes; but he looks cross, and he goes slowly, and he *is* late for

school. He made his sacrifice after grumbling, but the grumbling and the idling spoiled it. It had a sad blemish in it. After school you want to stop and play, but mother has told you to go home directly. Do you make a *perfect* little sacrifice of what you want most, and go home at once? Or do you say, 'O, well, a few minutes won't matter; I will play just a little bit and then go?' That is a half-sacrifice, not a whole one. And so on: you can finish the day for yourselves.

But perhaps you think, 'But if we are always so cheerful over our sacrifices, no one will know that we are not doing just what we like best.'

Will no one know? Will not God know?

And if we give up things for the sake of other people, do we really want at the same time to make them uncomfortable by thinking what sacrifices we are making for them? Do we want the little ones who eat that butter to dislike it, because we have had to give it up? Do we want a hard-working mother to feel pain at having to ask us to stay in and mind the children? Then we are like the hypocrites of whom Jesus said, 'When ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance; for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head and wash thy face, that thou

appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret.'

I do not think, at the bottom of our hearts we are really so mean as that would show; but if we grumble and grudge our sacrifice ever so little, remember that we *are*, just a *little*, like those hypocrites whom Jesus condemned. 'God loveth a cheerful giver.' 'There must be no blemish in the sacrifice.'

Some German soldiers were on a march through a terribly bleak, snowy piece of country in Prussia, and amongst the soldiers was a young prince. One night they had no shelter but an old barn, which was open at the sides, and here they had to lie down with the deep snow outside and the bitter wind blowing through, and no covering beyond their coats and cloaks. It was bitterly cold, and all the men felt very sorry for the young prince, who had been used to a comfortable, warm home, and felt the hardships terribly. But he went to sleep, as he was very weary, and did not wake till morning. How warm he felt! How could it be in that cold place? Beside him lay his companions; but where were their cloaks? And how blue and cold they looked, and how still they lay! Then he saw it all. They had all put their cloaks over him and tucked him up when he was asleep.

And did they grumble, do you think? No one had heard a murmur, though those generous comrades had all died of the cold.

It seemed a simple thing to do, just to take off your coat to shelter some one else. But was not that simple thing in reality one of those larger sacrifices which only the rich in heart can afford to give?

When Sir Philip Sidney was wounded and almost dying of thirst, and a soldier managed to get for him a cup of water, just as he was going to drink he saw a poor dying soldier looking with a terrible longing at that cup of water, and he at once gave it up to the soldier and bore his own thirst.

Did he say, 'you can let him have *half* the cup of water?' or did he complain and grumble either when he gave it or afterwards, do you suppose?

His was a little simple act, but it was a *great* sacrifice, greater than I hope any of you may ever fully understand, by having to bear exactly such suffering.

When Captain Strahan gave up the only remaining life-belt to the little stowaway, who crept to his feet in terror just as the captain was putting it on himself, and leapt defenceless and without a chance of life into the roaring, hungry waves, do you think that even *God*

heard a murmur from him? Was not his sacrifice complete?

'On the rocky coast of Northumberland there are dangerous rocks, and in one place close to a little fishing village there is a long, low line of rocks jutting out into the sea. One night a terrible storm broke on the coast. The sea rose and beat so furiously on the shore that the spray flew over the Fisher Row, and yellow sea-foam was blown in patches over the fields. The waters beyond the shore were all in a white turmoil, save where, far off, the grey clouds laid their shoulders to the sea and threw down leaden shadows. Most of the ships had gone south about; but one little brig got stuck hard and fast on the ledge of rocks that runs below the village. She had eight men aboard of her, and these had to take to the rigging, where the people on shore heard them shouting. It is a fearful kind of noise, the crying of men in a wrecked ship. Morning broke, and the weather was wilder than ever, There was no life-boat in the place, and it was plain that the vessel could not stand the rage of the breakers much longer. It was hard to see the ship at all, the spray came in so thickly. The women were crying and wringing their hands on the bank, but that was of small avail. However, one little trouting-boat lay handy, and her owner

determined to go off in her to the brig. He was a fine fellow to look at, quite a remarkable specimen of a man indeed. Without any flurry, without a sign of emotion on his face, he said, "Who's coming?" His two sons stepped out, and the boat was moved towards the water's edge.

'Just then a carter came down to look at the wreck. The carter's horse was terror-stricken by the fury of the sea and galloped down the beach. In passing the boat the horse plunged, and the axletree of the cart staved in the head of the boat below the water-line. This was very bad, but the leader of the forlorn-hope did not give himself time to waver. Taking off his coat he stuffed it into the hole, and then, calling in another volunteer, he said, "Sit against that." The men took their places very coolly, and the little boat was thrust out amid the broken water.

'Amidst all this, the face of one woman who stood looking at the men arrested my attention. It was very white, and her eyes had a look in them that I cannot describe, though I have seen it since in my sleep. The men in the boat were her husband and her sons. She said nothing, but kept her hands tightly clasped, and her lips parted every time the boat rose on the crown of a wave.

'We could not see those good fellows half the time: all we could tell was that the man who was sitting against the jacket had to bale very hard.

'Presently the deep bow of the boat rose over a travelling sea, and she grounded on the sand. She was heavily laden with the brig's crew of limp and shivering Danish seamen. And it was not a moment too soon for her to be ashore: the brig parted almost directly, and the wreckage was strewn all along the beach.

'The men who did this action never had any reward. They knew, of course, that they had done a good morning's work, but it never occurred to them that they ought to have a paragraph in the newspapers and be called brave. The sort of courage they showed they would have described as "only natural." The old hero who went through a heavy sea with a staved-in boat is still living; he is called Big Tom, and his home is at Cresswell, in Northumberland. He does not know that he is at all heroic. He has often saved life since then. But when he puts out to sea now, he does not need to use a stove-in coble; he is captain of the smart life-boat, and his proudest possession is a photograph which shows his noble figure standing at the bow.' *

---

* St. James's Gazette, summer 1882.

That story is a true one, and I have copied it from a newspaper; and it is a story such as one can often read of brave sailors and fishermen who do not shrink from risking their lives to try and save others. It is brave to face such a sea, and the rescue is a gallant action which makes one proud.

But there was one there who had nothing gallant to do, on whom scarcely an eye was cast. Had the wife and mother of those brave fellows no part in the gallant deed? Who were those that were tossed on those fierce waves in the little stove-in boat? Why was her face so white and her hands clasped? Did she cry and wring her hands and say, 'O husband, *do not go!*' or, 'O, leave me my sons if you must go?' No; she gave no half-sacrifice; she did not hinder them even by a cry, though it seemed as if she would go wild: she had nothing *to do;* she could only stand and watch, as the boat containing all she loved seemed swallowed up in the deep trough of the sea. That was far harder to do than to go off in the boat, when you would have no time to *think,* but only to *act.*

And so, though boys and men are oftener *heard of* in their brave deeds, it is not they alone that do them, and girls must not think that there is nothing left for them. Their

part is often (like that woman's) even harder than that of the men, because there is more *bearing* and less *doing*. But for every one of us alike, girls and boys, and women and men, the sacrifices we make must be perfect and without blemish, and we must bear always in mind that 'God loveth a cheerful giver.'

G. M.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.'—PHIL. ii. 4.

I HAVE often heard people say, as if they were very well satisfied with themselves, 'Oh, I don't do anybody any harm; I keep myself to myself; I don't meddle with my neighbours.'

But is that all that we should aim at—all that God expects of us—to do no harm to our neighbours?

What does Paul say? 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.'

If Paul had kept himself to himself, and never thought about the wants of his fellow-men, he would never have gone through all the hardships and dangers that he did. He might have stayed comfortably at Tarsus making tents; but then, how would the gospel have reached Asia Minor, and Greece, and Rome? Paul led a life of hardship and self-denial, that he might carry the light of the gospel to many lands, and make known to

others the grand truths about God and Christ which had done so much for him.

In this he was following the example of his Master. Christ went about doing good and healing everywhere. When he was asked what is the greatest commandment of the Law, he answered, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind and strength'; but he added, 'The second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'

And when he was asked, Who is my neighbour? you know he told the beautiful story of the Good Samaritan.

A man was going from Jerusalem to Jericho, through a wild, desolate country, without towns or villages. He was travelling alone, and was set upon by thieves, who robbed and wounded him and left him half dead. It seemed likely that he would die, for few people went that way. But there comes some one! It is a priest—one who has devoted himself to the service of God in the temple—one of those who were looked up to by the Jews as being holier and better than other men. Surely he will befriend this poor man in his distress. He must have seen him; but he does not stop. He hurries on, and passes by on the other side. Perhaps he is on some business that requires

haste, and in his eagerness about his own business he forgets the need of his suffering fellow-creature. He keeps himself to himself, and does not trouble himself about his neighbour.

The poor man's heart sinks within him, for he fears now he will be left to die. But see! there comes another man. Not a priest this time, but a Levite, one of the tribe from which the priests were chosen, and whose business it was to help the priests in their duties. He comes near and looks at the wounded man. Surely he will help him. No! He is afraid, perhaps, that the robbers may come again; he dare not stop to do a kind turn to a stranger. He hurries on, and again the poor man finds himself alone, deserted, and feels as if all hope were gone.

Now there comes a third; but this time it is neither a priest, nor a Levite, nor a Jew of any tribe. It is a Samaritan; and the poor man has little hope from him, for the Jews and Samaritans are not friendly, and it is scarcely likely that a Samaritan would risk his life to save a wounded Jew. However, this Samaritan stops, gets down from his ass, and comes up to the wounded man. He not only speaks words of sympathy and comfort, but he binds up the sufferer's wounds, and then, as he is

unable to walk, he lifts him upon his own ass, and walks beside him till they come to an inn. There he nurses him for the night ; and on the morrow, when he goes away, he leaves money with the host to tend him carefully till he recovers. (Two pence does not sound much, but a Roman penny was worth sevenpence-halfpenny, and in those days it would go much further than it would with us. In fact, two pence were about as much as two days' wages for a workman.)

When Jesus had finished this story, he asked, 'Which of these three was neighbour to the man that fell among thieves?' And the man to whom the question was addressed answered, 'The one that showed mercy on him.' And Jesus said, 'Go, and do thou likewise.'

Jesus means to teach us by this story that we should do good not only to our friends and relations, but to all, of whatever nation, who are in trouble or distress; that we should consider every one our neighbour to whom we can do a kind action.

'Thy neighbour is the suffering man,
Though at the farthest pole.'

'Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless,
Whose aching head or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favoured than thine own,
Remember, 'tis thy brother worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by!
Perhaps thou canst redeem
One breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.'

Paul says in one of his letters, 'As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men.'

Some people think it is enough if they are kind to their wives and children, or to their brothers and sisters. There is an old saying that charity begins at home. This is true if it means that home duties should come *first*, and that a man is not truly charitable (in the best sense of the word) if he neglects his home duties, and is cross and ill-tempered in his own family. But it is *not* true if it is taken to mean that charity is to end at home as well as to begin there, and that as long as a man looks after his own family he need not trouble himself about others. This is not true at all. 'As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all.'

If all kept themselves to themselves, we should have no hospitals or Sunday-schools, no orphan asylums or schools for the deaf and dumb, no missions to the heathen. Nay,

England would be a heathen country still, and Christianity would have died out altogether.

Some of you may have read accounts of devoted missionaries, and what they suffered in carrying the light of the gospel to savage countries. Or you may have read of John Howard, and how he travelled from country to country, examining into the state of the prisons and trying to improve them, leaving his pleasant home in Bedfordshire and his little boy, till at last he caught a fever and died in a far-distant country.

Or you may have heard of Miss Nightingale, who left her happy home and her country to go and nurse the sick and wounded in the Crimean War, and came back broken down in health, so that she has been an invalid ever since.

All these had learnt the lesson that Paul teaches in our text, and that Christ teaches in the story of the Good Samaritan, that we are not to live for ourselves alone, nor even for those nearest and dearest to us, but that we must learn to deny ourselves and live for others.

When a house is on fire, the firemen will rush in to save the people who are in it, though they do not know but that they may perish in the attempt. And when a vessel is seen in danger,

there are generally men ready to go out in the lifeboat to save those on board at the risk of their lives. This is sacrificing themselves for the good of others.

But it is not every one who is ready to do this. A year or two ago a little girl was drowned in Kensington Gardens, because, though several people saw her fall into the water, they were too selfish, or too lazy, or too cowardly, or too stupid, to jump *directly* into the water after her; and by the time they had thought twice about it, or had run to fetch help, it was too late.

We must get *into the habit* of thinking of others, and of doing *quickly* what conscience tells us to do. When I see boys and girls scrambling for the best places, and eager to tell of *each other*, not of themselves, I fear such boys and girls, if they were in some sudden danger, would be trying to save *themselves*, instead of thinking of those who were younger and weaker than themselves. They would not be like a little girl I have read of, who saw her little brother on the railway when a train was coming, and ran to pull him back. She just got him safe, but she was run over by the train, and so much hurt that she died. She was not thinking of herself, but of saving him. And I think God would say to her, 'Well done,

good and faithful servant ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

The lesson, that we must deny ourselves and live for others, is the great lesson that Christ has taught us, not only in words, but by his life and his death. He came to seek and to save the lost. He went about doing good. He came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life for the many. I believe no lasting good is done in the world without self-sacrifice. Life is not given to us to be selfishly enjoyed, but to be used for the good of others. Christ died for all, that we who live should not henceforth live unto ourselves, but that we should take his yoke upon us, and learn of him to deny ourselves, and live for others and for God.

M. C. M.

FASTING.

'When ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance; for they disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee.'—MATTHEW vi. 16—18.

WHEN you hear my text, which shows that I am going to speak to you about fasting, I can imagine some of you saying to yourselves, 'What is the use of preaching to us about fasting? We know better than to think that there is any virtue in going without food; fortunately our religion does not require us to fast, for we are not Jews, or Mohammedans, or even Roman Catholics, whose religions oblige them to fast.' But if I can make you understand the real meaning of this practice, which has been considered as a religious duty by almost all the old nations of the world, you will see that there are ways in which it is, sometimes, the duty even of us Protestants to fast.

Although we are not obliged to obey any literal law of fasting, we ought to obey the

spirit of that law, and be willing to deny ourselves food, or any other indulgence, for the sake of higher and better things.

In all times, right-minded people have felt that it is very mean to care more for eating and drinking than for anything else. We are animals, and therefore, like the lower animals, we must eat and drink; and it is quite right that we should have pleasure in doing so. But we are more than animals, we are spirits also; we have mind and heart and soul; and therefore interesting thoughts to feed the mind, good purposes, love and friendship, to feed the heart, spiritual realities for the soul, should be a great deal more to us than food for the body. Right-minded people have always wished to make quite sure that they *do* care more for these higher things than for self-indulgence in eating; and therefore, formerly, special times for fasting were appointed, when they were to deny themselves the indulgence of their appetite.

And, as they believed this was pleasing to God, it became for them a religious duty.

The Jews have many restrictions with regard to food: there are some things fit for food which they may never take; and also they have certain times for abstinence from food.

The Mohammedans (or Mussulmans) have

very severe fasts, particularly that called Ramadan, when, for a whole month, they may neither eat nor drink between sunrise and sunset. They may take as much as they like during the night, but in the daytime they go about their work with no food for twelve hours; and however thirsty they are, they may not take even a drop of water. If it happens to be hot weather, this is a terrible trial, and it requires a very strong self-control, a great determination, not to give way to the requirements of the body, but to obey their conscience, which tells them it would be wrong. A good Mussulman would be greatly ashamed of himself if he gave way to temptation and broke his fast; and so he learns self-control, and bears to see other people, Christians and others, eating and drinking, without taking anything himself. These people live chiefly in much hotter, thirstier countries than ours—in Asia and Africa; and we can hardly imagine how strong a temptation they must often feel to cool their parched tongue with a little water, and what suffering it must be to go without, all through a hot day, from sunrise to sunset!

But they feel that all this self-denial, all this suffering, is not too much to endure in the service of God.

We, who are Protestants, may think the Mussulmans mistaken in their idea of what is pleasing to God; we may be sorry for them that they inflict such useless suffering upon themselves; but, with their belief, it would be wrong for them not to do it, and we must respect and admire them for their self-control, and their willingness to deny themselves the gratification of their bodily wants for the sake of higher things.

And in the spirit of this self-denial we Christians ought not to be inferior to them. Our religion does not require us to fast merely for the sake of self-denial, but it requires us often to deny ourselves some selfish gratification for the sake of higher considerations.

We, too, must be willing to fast if required to do so by some duty to others, or even by a duty to ourselves; and perhaps, if, when in temptation, we think of the Mussulmans and their fast of Ramadan, we may gain strength and determination from their example of patient endurance.

In the first place, our own health may impose restrictions which we ought cheerfully to obey. Many people know that there are certain nice things which are not good for them, and it would show great weakness of character if they did not refrain from those things.

Then there are certain *times* when it is improper to eat. You children know that it is wrong to eat during Sunday-school, because it is against the rules ; and yet some few of you are so greedy, and have so little self-control, that you bring sweets to school, and then cannot resist the temptation to eat them. I am sure you would feel very much ashamed of this fault if you were to reflect what a mean thing it is to give way to this kind of self-indulgence, when higher things ought to be filling your minds.

It is natural and right that we should feel pleasure in eating wholesome food at proper times ; but even then every one of us, until we have completely learned that difficult lesson of self-government—every one of us is tempted to eat more than is good for us, and this is an opportunity for us to overcome temptation.

Let us remember that if we over-feed the body, we render the mind less clear and active than it might be, and injure the health both of body and mind. A pig will greedily eat a great deal more food than is necessary for its health, so that it grows fat and lazy, and loses all wish for activity, and lies stupidly thinking of nothing when not employed in eating.

But what a disgrace it is to a human being, an immortal soul, if he overfeeds his body like

the pig, and thus stupefies his mind, until he becomes unfit to think or to care about anything good, and disinclined for any useful employment! Many people are guilty of this sin, and by over-indulging the body starve the soul.

Any good purpose, any strong interest in the mind, enables a person to overcome the temptations of the appetite. For instance, many of you children are so fond of your Sunday-school, that, if dinner is not in good time, I know very well you would rather come away with only half a dinner than miss school.

The great Benjamin Franklin, who became one of the most learned men of his time, a great scientific discoverer, and in political life one of the most important men of America, is an example of temperance and self-denial in eating for the sake of mental cultivation. He began life as a poor boy, having to leave school and begin work at ten years old; but his father was a sensible man, and gave him a taste for self-improvement. When he was an apprentice, earning so little money that most boys would have thought it hardly enough to buy food, he was content to live upon porridge and other simple things, going without meat, in order to save money to buy books—not story-books, but instructive ones, which he studied hard in all his spare time. Benjamin Franklin

became a clever and a great man, because he was not self-indulgent, but cared more about food for his mind than food for his body.

William Lloyd Garrison (whose name you have heard often enough, I hope, to make you feel great respect for it) is another whose heart was set upon a great purpose, for which he was willing to sacrifice much of his own comfort and pleasure. He was an American, and, at the time when he was young, but few of the Americans understood how great a sin slavery was; and this generous-hearted youth longed to make them think and feel about this great national sin as he did, until they should be willing to put an end to it by emancipating all the slaves. But he was poor, only earning small wages as a printer. However, when the heart is set upon some good object, a resolute will can generally find some way of accomplishing it; and he had a resolute will. So he wrote down the thoughts that filled his mind, printed them himself, and sent them forth to be read by his fellow-citizens. But in order to have money to buy paper and printer's ink for this purpose, he had to stint himself in every way, working early and late, and often having no better dinner than dry bread and water. Now, was not this virtuous fasting? Was not this fasting for a good purpose?

He was carrying out the spirit of the precept, 'When ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance'; for he was bearing all his privations cheerfully and in secret, working hard in a dull little room, unknown to all except one black boy who helped him.

The people who read his little paper, and felt their consciences roused by it, knew not what privations were endured by the writer in order to send them those heart-stirring words.

At length Garrison was amply rewarded for all his self-denial and earnest work. Many were convinced by his writings; more and more people joined him, and formed a strong society for the abolition of slavery; and before he died he had the happiness of seeing the thing accomplished for which he had laboured so earnestly. All the slaves in the United States were set free in the year 1866.

I will give you another instance of fasting, which I am sure you will think very generous and noble.

Perhaps you know that England governs a great part of India, and for that purpose we keep there an army, composed partly of English and partly of Indian soldiers, called Sepoys. In one of our wars in India, a mixed force of English soldiers and Sepoys was reduced to great extremity for want of food: at last no

food was left but a little rice, and far too little even of that for such a number of men.

The officers were dividing it fairly to all alike, when the Indian soldiers sent messengers to them, saying that they knew the English were accustomed to eat a great deal more than Indians do, and that they would much sooner die of starvation ; so, said they, 'Give all the rice to the English, and we Indians will be content with the water the rice is boiled in.' Now, was not that generous self-denial for the sake of others ? Was not that virtuous fasting ?

Thus we have an instance of the white man, Garrison, sacrificing much for the sake of the poor black slaves ; and, on the other hand, of these dark-skinned Indians sacrificing themselves for the sake of the white Englishmen.

Few people are so self-denying as these generous Sepoys, or as Garrison was, for the sake of those of a different race and colour to themselves ; yet most people, except the very selfish, can willingly deny themselves for the sake of their own family or friends : love makes it almost easy, and love gives them their reward.

The good mother denies herself many indulgences and pleasures for the sake of her children ; and if there is not plenty for all, she

will stint herself of food, or any other good thing, that they may have a share.

The good father works hard, and denies himself many pleasures which he might otherwise enjoy, in order to keep his wife and children in comfort. When other men spend money in smoking or drinking or other selfish indulgences, and he goes without for the sake of his family, that is an example of fasting—reasonable fasting, such as is fit for a Protestant.

And children also ought to be willing to deny themselves for the sake of those they love. If, instead of spending your spare pennies on sweets and other foolish indulgences, you would save the money for better purposes, you would often be able to do a little kindness to some one you care for. At the same time you would gain self-control, and thus become fit for more difficult self-denials as you grow older. This is a small kind of fasting that would do your health no harm, and would do your mind and your heart a great deal of good, besides doing some good to others.

Then at home, at meal times, there are opportunities for each one of you to exercise self-denial, caring for others instead of trying to get the nicest piece for yourself, as a greedy person does.

If for some good or kind reason you refrain from something nice, which you could have if you chose, and without being blamed for taking it, that is a voluntary fast on a small scale.

If ever your conscience tells you that you ought to perform a piece of self-denial, a little fast, of this kind, and if your natural greediness and selfishness make you unwilling to do it, try to gain strength to conquer your greediness by thinking of the self-control of the Mussulmans in their very severe fast of Ramadan; think of Benjamin Franklin, who denied his appetite for the sake of mental improvement; think of Garrison, who fasted for the sake of freeing the poor slaves; think of the generous Sepoys, who gave away their share of the rice, and were content with the water it was boiled in; and think of your fathers and mothers, who have often and often denied themselves for your sake.

M. M.

VINEYARDS AND GARDENS.

I DO not think any of you have ever seen a vineyard, and I dare say some of the little children do not know what it is. But all girls and boys know what grapes are, and how nice they are to eat. The plants on which the grapes grow are called vines: vines will grow out of doors in many parts of England, but the grapes that they bear are very small, because they need a warmer climate and more sunshine to make the fruit large and juicy and sweet. People who are rich enough often build houses and heat them till they are very warm, and grow the vines in them, and so get delicious grapes. But in many countries abroad, where it is warmer than here, the vines are cultivated out of doors, and the places where they grow are called vineyards. You will find many references to vines and vineyards in the Bible and Jesus often speaks of them: most likely he often passed by the

vineyards in his walks, and saw the vine-dresser cultivating the vines. The vineyards are often made on the sloping side of a hill where it faces the sun and is warm and sheltered. The vines are planted in rows along the hill-sides, each row a step above the other, with a space between for people to walk in when they go to work in the vineyard. The spaces between the rows have to be kept clear of weeds, or else the weeds would suck up the goodness from the soil and take it from the vines : and the vines are climbing plants, and must have sticks or railings or walls to trail upon ; and then the vine-dresser must train them up these sticks, and tie them where they want it, and prune them, cutting off branches which will not trail, or which would not bear grapes. A good vine-dresser will keep his vineyard beautifully neat ; and if it is a large vineyard, he will have men and women to help him : and when the time of the vintage comes, which means the time when the grapes are ripe and must be gathered, numbers of men and women come to help to gather, and the beautiful ripe grapes are put into great tubs, and then they are used for making wines. There are different kinds of grapes, with different flavours, and that is how there come to be different sorts of wines.

A man was once walking by the side of a vineyard ; but it was not a nice, neat vineyard, and he saw at once that it must belong to an idle, slothful man,—a man who was either too idle to care for it, or too ignorant or 'void of understanding' (as he calls it) to see how foolish and wrong it was to let it get into such a bad state. This is the account he gives of what he saw :

'I went by the field of the slothful,
And by the vineyard of the man void of understanding ;
And lo ! it was all grown over with nettles,
Thorns covered its face,
And the stone wall thereof was broken down.
When I saw this, I considered it well,
I looked upon it, and received instruction.'

And what the untidy, weedy vineyard told him was this :

'A little sleep, a little slumber,
A little folding of the hands for lying down ;
So thy poverty cometh as a traveller (or highwayman),
And thy want as an armed man.'

Here, in London, we none of us have vineyards, and very few of us have gardens ; and I dare say you all think that if you only had a garden it should be always neat and tidy, and always have flowers in it ; but you do not know how much work you would have to give to it, nor how fast the weeds would grow ; they

are always much more ready to grow than the flowers.

And yet we all *have* gardens! Every one has a garden or a vineyard of his own, or a little flower-bed, where either flowers or weeds will grow; flowers and fruit with care, nettles and thorns (like that untidy vineyard) if we are slothful and careless. And we have to be the gardeners, or the vine-dressers, and to do all the work. If we are like the slothful vine-dresser, and have 'a little sleep, a little slumber,' then, when we wake up and open our lazy eyes, we shall find the weeds have been more industrious than we, and have been growing, while we took time for 'a little folding of the hands for lying down.' The weeds are our sins and faults, and if we fold our hands and leave off rooting them up, they will grow up and kill the fruit and flowers, which are all the good and lovely things which should be our true selves.

A little boy was very ill for a long time, and his mother nursed him with most tender care; she was often terribly tired, and as she sat by his bed she often cried when he did not see—when he was too ill to see—because she feared that he would die; and very earnestly she prayed that if God could leave her boy to her, He would not take away her comfort and her

joy. At last, the little fellow began to get better, and after some time he liked to hear his mother talk to him; and she told him stories, or read to him, or said pieces of poetry for him to repeat, or she fetched him flowers to look at and to smell; she did everything for him, and did not let him want for anything she could do. She bore his fretfulness most lovingly and patiently, when he was still too weak and ill to help it; but at last he got much better, and could help himself and amuse himself; but he was still very fretful and often cross, and he did not think of trying to help it. He still liked his mother to do everything for him, and did not think how much she had to do, and how often she was tired. When he was fretful and cross, she soothed him and was very kind to him; but as he got better, he did not grow less irritable, but more.

One day, when he was pretty well again, but had been very cross and wilful and idle too, he begged his mother to come into the garden with him: she told him she was too busy then, but in the evening she would come with him. He was rather sulky because she would not come at once, but after tea they two went out together. They wandered up and down and talked of many things, and Hugh began to talk of what he would do when he was a man. His

mother listened earnestly, and wondered whether his thoughts and plans would come true. Then they came to Hugh's own little garden, which in his illness had grown all over weeds, which had choked the plants. 'See, mother, what a mess my garden is in; I shall never get it right again!' 'Let us try now,' said his mother. So they began to weed; and as they pulled up one weed after another, they chatted together: but something had come into his mother's heart to say to Hugh; and when they went in and he sat beside her by the fire before going to bed, she told him that *he* had grown like his own little garden. She said that he had had 'a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands for lying down;' and she said that, just as the weeds had grown in his garden for want of care, so the weeds had grown up, too, in his own heart, whilst he was weak and not able to fight them as usual. It was as if, she said, the soldiers had been weak and wounded, and not guarded the camp well, and so the enemies had run in and taken possession. 'And now, my boy,' she said, 'you are well again: you must turn all the enemies out. Your little sleep and folding of the hands is over, and you must go to work and weed your garden, and make things all neat and trim.'

Hugh listened: he partly understood, and he felt that his mother was showing him that he had been growing idle and spoilt, and must rouse himself. Tears came into his eyes, and he was silent for some time; then he said in a low voice, 'Tell me what are the weeds, that I may pull them up.' And she told him how helpless he had grown, and how, instead of trying to help others, he did nothing even for himself; and that though that was natural while he was ill, it was time to change it now; and very gently she told him of his fretfulness, and that he must no longer 'fold his hands,' but must put a strong guard to keep that enemy out. He listened; but soon he said, 'O, mother! I shall *never* do it!' But she said, 'But, Hugh, you said that about your garden, and when we began to weed, think how soon it began to look quite neat and tidy. And so will your other garden, Hugh; and I shall soon see lovely flowers there.'

Another silence followed, and Hugh sat looking into the fire. Soon he got up, flung his arms round his mother and said, 'I *will try*, mother!' and ran off to bed. He prayed to God to help him not to fold his hands nor rest from that struggle till all his garden was neat and beautiful. 'Make me a good gardener!' was his last prayer before he fell asleep.

Next day his mother said he must go to school again now. 'O, mother! not yet; I have to do my garden, and so many other things; and I *don't* want to go!' But she said, 'Yes, Hugh; you have a garden in your mind too, and that must be planted; an empty garden is of no use, and the weeds will soon take possession of it. You must manage to keep your *real* garden in order by working at it before and after school.'

He remembered his desire to do well in *all* things; and so, though rather sorrowfully, he went to school.

The days passed on, and Hugh worked like a different boy. A new spirit seemed wakened up within him; he took a pride in his garden, where all the weeds vanished away; he took a pride in his school work; he took a delight in helping his mother, and she took daily a greater pride and delight in him. His face lighted up, and the fretful look quite went away, and there could not be seen a brighter, happier boy than Hugh—always active and busy, always merry, always useful.

One evening he and his mother were in the garden again, and he showed her with pride his pretty little garden, now bright and gay with flowers. 'Yes, Hugh,' she said, 'you *did* do it after all, though you thought you would

never get it neat again.' And then she added, 'And another garden was weeded, and there are flowers there too.'

The days and weeks and years went on; Hugh grew older and wiser, and his mother was always his best friend and helper; he worked hard and well, but he never forgot the time when his mother and he had talked about the garden and the weeds; it seemed as if all his life he carried about with him those words which after his illness she had said to him:

'A little sleep, a little slumber,
A little folding of the hands for lying down;
So thy poverty cometh as a highwayman,
And thy want as an armed man.'

He knew that if he was lazy and idle, poverty would come like a robber, not only upon *him*, but, what he cared much more for, upon his mother; and he was determined that whilst his arm was strong enough to work for her, *want* should not come upon *her* like an armed man. But he was not able to live always at home; work was scarce, and times were bad; and at last, with a very sad heart, Hugh said good-bye to his mother, and went to a distant country to earn a living for her and himself.

And he prospered there; he was strong and brave and honest, and he was very sober and

very industrious ; and often when he was with companions who would gamble or drink, or live in bad ways, Hugh worked hard to make them do better. He became very much respected, and his example and help did a great deal of good ; and now and then some rough companion would say, 'However did you come to be such a good fellow ?' and Hugh would reverently take the cap from his head, and say, 'If I am, it was my mother.'

After a while, when he had a little cottage of his own, and good work, and had saved a little money, a happy day came to Hugh, and he crossed the sea, and fetched his dear old mother over to his own new little home.

And the first evening, when she sat by her boy's bright fire, and felt that she was *at home* now for the rest of her life, he kneeled down before her with a happy face and said, 'Now, mother, *your* work is done, and *mine* is beginning : "A little sleep, mother ; a little slumber, mother ; a little folding of the hands for lying down ; and, mother, thy poverty shall *not* come as a highwayman, nor thy want as an armed man ;" for, please God, you shall know no poverty or want in your boy's cottage.'

Was there a happier mother to be found than Hugh's ?

And Hugh's garden? Was not it now full of flowers, and his vineyard full of grapes? He had been no slothful husbandman; and his prayer that night, that he might be a good gardener, had been fulfilled. If a weed still sprang up here and there, he was quick to see it, and to root it out.

Let us try to keep *our* vineyards well; and if we feel inclined to say, 'A little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands for lying down,' then let us arouse ourselves to work on, by the remembrance that 'so our poverty cometh as a highwayman, and our want as an armed man.'

G. M.

FIRM TO RESIST.

'Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do.'
LUKE xii. 4.

MANY of you may have heard the name of Saint Pancras, and know that a large parish of London, with a handsome church, is called after his name; but perhaps you do not know who he was, and what he did to deserve that his name should be held in such honour.

Pancras was only a boy; he never lived to become a man; but he had a noble soul that scorned to tell a lie, or to act a lie, even to save his life, and so it was felt that he deserved to be called *Saint* Pancras, and to be kept in honourable remembrance for all time.

Pancras was born in Phrygia, in Asia Minor, in the early days of Christianity, when the Christians were few and most people were still Pagans. His father was a Pagan, and taught him to worship Jupiter and other heathen gods; but his father died while he was still a child, and then his uncle, who was a Christian, took him to Rome, and placed him under the

care of the good Christian bishop of Rome, through whose teaching Pancras became a Christian.

In our days, it is a very easy thing to call ourselves Christians, because almost all the people whom we live amongst are Christians, or call themselves so, though unfortunately a great many think very little about their religion, and do not try to live and act as Christians should.

But at the time of Pancras, about the year 310, it was a dangerous thing to be a Christian, for the Roman Emperor Diocletian was persecuting the Christians.

The Emperor was fond of the young nobleman, Pancras, and when he heard that he had become a Christian, he sent for him, and told him that he must have nothing to do with this new religion; that he must worship the gods that his father worshipped, and that the Emperor and all the people at his court believed in. But the boy would not be persuaded to give up Christianity, which he felt in his heart to be the true religion. So the Emperor was very angry, and threatened him with death unless he would sacrifice to Jupiter.

Now Pancras was only fourteen years old: he was very rich, and might have lived a gay and pleasant life, and enjoyed the favour of

the Emperor, if only he would do this thing to please him.

Many a less thoughtful person, in those circumstances, would think that he might go through the ceremony of sacrificing to the heathen god, and still keep his belief as a Christian in the true God, in secret, in his own heart. But this brave boy would not be guilty of any such pretence; he felt it would be acting a lie on the most solemn subject of all; it would be to disown his religion, which he valued more than all the pleasures of life. So he told the Emperor that, being a Christian, he could not pretend to be anything else, and could not sacrifice to Jupiter, but that he could die.

The cruel Emperor, failing to persuade him, actually caused him to be led out of the city and put to death with a sword.

So ended the earthly life of this young and noble soul, who thus proved that he cared more for the Kingdom of Heaven, and the approval of God, and of his own conscience, than for the praise of men, and the pleasures of this world. And for this faithfulness to what he knew to be right and true, the Christian world has felt that he deserved to be called *Saint* Pancras, and to be remembered with honour.

In those terrible times of persecution, there were others besides Pancras—there were men,

women, and even children, who would give up anything in the world, even life itself, rather than be false to their religion.

I have seen a beautiful picture of a young woman, a Christian, who was tempted in the same manner, and told that she must sacrifice to Jupiter, or be put to death.

She was led into the heathen temple, where there was a fire before the altar of Jupiter, and all she had to do was to put some incense into the fire, and then she might have gone away free. Her lover was beside her, and he tried to persuade her to do this easy thing and live, for he could not bear to think of her being killed, so dear was she to him.

But there was also beside her an earnest Christian minister, who urged her to be faithful and true, and whispered to her the words of Jesus, 'Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do.' And this beautiful young woman (whose name I cannot tell you) chose, as Pancras did, rather to let cruel men do their worst, than to do what she felt to be wrong, and so suffer the condemnation of her own conscience and the displeasure of God.

These faithful Christians, and many other martyrs like them, were not afraid of them that kill the body, because they thought about what

would come 'after that'; they had a firm, clear faith in the life of the spirit after the death of the body. They felt how much more important is the health and life of the spirit than the health and life of the body; therefore, when they were obliged to choose between two dreadful things—between pain and injury to the body on the one hand, and, on the other, sin, which is injury to the soul—the thought of life eternal in heaven gave them strength to resist the temptation to sin, and courage rather to bear all that cruel men could do to their bodies.

Perhaps earnest-minded people cared more for their religion in those days when it was likely to cost them so dear, than most of us do in these easier times, when it is not likely that we shall ever be tempted to falsehood by so terrible a fear as that of a cruel death.

But we are all liable to temptations and trials that are quite hard enough for our strength, though not so deadly as that temptation which proved how brave and how truthful Pancras and the young woman could be.

It is quite as much our duty to act up to what our religion requires of us as it was theirs; and we all know that if we would be true Christians, we must never speak a lie, or act a lie.

Numbers of people have been as faithful and as true as those two whose stories I have told you, but only a few have been sainted for it like Pancras ; the names of most of them have been forgotten, but their virtuous deeds have not been in vain ; they have their reward in heaven.

Every temptation to evil resisted and overcome—every sacrifice of worldly good of pleasure for conscience' sake—makes the soul purer and stronger. And when this earthly life is over, it matters little whether that life had been a long or a short one, and whether there had been more or less of ease and enjoyment for the body ; but it is of vast importance whether the soul, which is to live for ever, is a truthful, pure and noble soul, made strong through the conquest of many and great temptations, with affections set upon all that is good and beautiful, with conscience that clearly sees the difference between right and wrong, and a firm will, resolute to choose the right.

Our souls can never grow pure and beautiful, and fit for the happiness of heaven, unless we learn to conquer our temptations to do wrong, unless we learn to be brave and truthful, and to choose what is good and right, rather than the indulgence of our selfish desires.

When you feel tempted to tell a lie, or to do something wrong, remember the brave boy, Pancras, who overcame a more terrible temptation than yours; pray to God to strengthen you, as He strengthened Pancras to bear the consequences of doing what his conscience told him he ought.

Remember that God sees into your heart. He knows how you are feeling, and what your thoughts are. He is grieved if you give way to the temptation, and do the wrong deed, and your soul will suffer injury from that sin. But if you are brave, and choose truth and righteousness, however unpleasant or terrible the consequences may be, you will feel happy in the consciousness of God's approval. He will comfort you in your trials, and He will reward you with the happiness of heaven.

M. M.

STRIVING AFTER PERFECTION.

'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.'—MATT. v. 48.

HOW could Jesus ask such a thing of his friends? How could he speak as if he could for a moment expect that they *could* be 'perfect'? Any how, we think, if he were with us *now*, he would not expect it; he could only have said it to his disciples because they had been with him and had better chances than we. We may try as hard as ever we can to do right and be good, but we are always getting into trouble and failing and making mistakes: there is not the least chance of *our* being perfect.

Yet if some day when you were all in school the door were to open, and if Jesus were to walk in and look round amongst the girls and boys there, little and big, he would say just the same now to each girl or boy, however little—to the little boys and girls in the infant school, and to the older ones, and to girls and boys in workshops or workrooms—'Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect.'

And if he did come, and if he did say this, fancy how all the faces would look up at him in wonder! What can he mean? We should all sit quite still because we were so surprised. Perfect? Why we are always doing wrong things—always being scolded; even when we *want* to do right, things go wrong.

Fancy Jesus going in and out amongst the desks, looking to see what you are doing! How many children would be anxious to let him see their copy-books, or their drawings! Up jumps each boy or girl, hoping that he will see that he or she has tried to do well; here and there a boy or girl slides both hands over the page and looks ashamed. Why? Fancy Jesus gently pulling the hands aside to see what is there—that child has been scribbling, not copying. There is a beautiful even copy before him, but he had not tried; and when Jesus looked, who said, 'Be ye perfect,' he is ashamed. Once more, as Jesus lays his finger on the page, and points to the copy and to the bad writing below, he says, 'Be ye perfect.' 'My boy, you have a copy there; try and imitate it. Your copy is not perfect; try again.'

Another class is drawing; they have beautiful clear copies to do. Again the children show their drawings; some timidly, because they

know they are not well done ; but they glance up into his face and say, ' Indeed I did try ! ' And some show them proudly, because they think they are getting to draw very well. To these he says, ' You have tried ; try again and again ; but till you can do it " perfectly," never be proud.' To the children who have scribbled, he again says, ' My child, there is a beautiful copy before you ; try and make every line of yours beautiful too, as the copy is, and never rest content with scribbles. The copy is to show you what to *try for :* it takes a long time to learn even to come near it, but you can try to make your work as like the copy as lies in your power.'

But when Jesus is not in our school to show us the way, and when we ourselves are not in school, then we say we have no copies ; we have to do things all ourselves, and there is no one to show us how.

Is it so ? What is the other half of that sentence of Jesus which begins with ' Be ye perfect ? ' It says, ' even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.'

Then we *have* a ' copy ' always before us, and that is God, our Father in heaven.

And before we feel still more in despair, and think it is quite useless ever to hope to copy God, let us look at some of the ways in which

God shows us how to work, and how to copy Him and be like Him.

We will travel together a little. We will go in a train to Southampton or Weymouth, and then we will go in a steamer together to one of the Channel Islands, lying near the coast of France, an island called Guernsey. Then we will get into a little sailing-boat, and toss over the lovely green waves, flying before the wind till we come to a tiny little island whose name is Herm. There we will get out, and we will lie on the beach close to the waves. What is this we are lying on? We thought it was sand. Dig your hands deep into it, and take up handfuls and look at them. Why, it is *all* shells—nothing but tiny, tiny shells. Here is one as small as a pin's head, and another and another—hundreds of them! How lovely they are! Every one has little spiral curves or little lines drawn over them, and all have such lovely dainty colours! Each one is *perfect.* But no one will ever see hundreds of them that are buried down deep below each other. What a pity! We wish we could pick up every one. Why does God make such numbers? and why does He make each one so perfect? There is not a mistake in any of them. And of course every one of the shells once had its little inhabitant, and it swam about in the sea till

its time came to die, and then it left its perfect little house behind on the shore.

I took you to this little island because it is so solitary, and because the beach is all made up of these thousands and millions of little shells; but there are plenty of other such places, where no one ever sees the lovely things God makes, and yet each one is *perfect*.

Let us now fancy ourselves climbing up to the top of a high mountain, where the snow lies thick and spotless and not one foot-mark is there, so that it seems quite a shame to tread upon it and leave marks in the pure sheet of white. It is hard work climbing up—let us sit down and rest a minute on the snow. Close beside me I find a little round hole in the snow, and here is another, and another. How odd they look; what is in them? I stretch over and look down the little holes: at the bottom of each, growing up from the warm earth below, and sheltered by its walls of snow, is a lovely little flower! It is stretching up towards the sun, and the sun has melted the little hole round it in the snow. Do you think those little flowers, hidden away in the mountain snows, were anything but *perfect?* God does not leave anything untidy or unfinished. God's work is not a *task*, but something which he *loves*, and so He makes all things perfect, out

of pure love of making them. He does not make things perfect *lest He should be found out*, but because He loves nothing but perfection. Think of the birds—every little feather perfect; of the rabbits, the dogs, the cats, the horses—every hair perfect; because God loves it all.

To how many of us does it come to love our work like this? When you go to school, do you always feel that you *must* do your work well, perfectly—not for fear some one should find out where it was not done well, but from pure love of having it good of its kind? Do you never hide anything away when your master comes round, and try and look as if nothing had been going on? Is that like God? or like one who loves to do his work *perfectly?*

When a girl makes a dress, or a jacket, or coat, does she never think, 'This little bit will never be seen, so it needn't be so neat?' Is that like God, who makes the flowers grow, and puts the shells where no eye will ever see them, out of pure love of beauty and perfection? Would not a girl who tried to be perfect as God is perfect think, 'Here is a little corner which no one will ever look at; how nice to stitch it up beautifully, so that God may see it well done!' It is one opportunity of working just for God alone and no one else. And she

feels as if she had a happy little secret with God in those little corners. She doesn't want any one else to look at them; she is content that they are *there*.

If a painter has to put three coats of paint on a door, and if he only puts two and pretends that there are three, I suppose he thinks no one sees or knows, and he saves his time and paint. No; he steals his *master's* time and paint; and the great Master Worker is looking on all the time. But the painter does not listen to the voice which says, 'Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect.' Does God leave out any of the colours in the flowers because He thinks no one will see? That painter has a copy before him, but he does not try to copy it.

A paper-hanger has to put up a new paper in a room, and he is told to wash off the dirty old paper first. There is no one there to look, and he hastily pastes the new paper over the old one. *Was* there no one there to look? The Master Worker was there again, and saw what he was doing. Does the Master Worker, who teaches us all how to work, ever do scrambling and dishonest work? Does He do things badly because 'no one will see?' No; He loves to work, and loves perfection; and again, even to that dishonest paper-hanger

He is saying, 'Be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect.'

So in all work it is the same. The tailor takes bad cotton, and the work breaks very soon. The woman or girl who works the machine does not fasten off the *ends* of her work; she *cuts* them off; 'no one will see; it doesn't matter.' They are not trying to imitate the Master who sets them their copy: their work is a different work, but it may be perfect of its kind, and finished into all the corners. And so it will be if we love beauty and perfection; we shall love to make our work as perfect as we can.

Ought we not all to feel it a deep disgrace that we cannot be trusted to do our work in the best possible way? Is it not a disgrace that, unless some one stands by and looks on, that painter will cheat about the coats of paint—that paper-hanger about the papers —that woman about fastening off her ends—that girl about those unseen little corners—that boy about his copy? If they truly understood and remembered that they had got a great Master Worker who shows us *how* to work, and who is always standing by to see how we do it, they would certainly try and do perfect work—not for fear they should be found out, but because, in the presence of One who is so

pure and great and holy, they felt that their greatest *wish* was to try and imitate Him in His ways.

Those who only do well when they are being watched, or for fear of being found out, and neglect what they think will not be seen, are what is called 'eye-servers.' How often servants do only *eye-service!* They do not care to do their work well for its own sake; they consider what will be *seen;* they do not dust and sweep the dark corners, nor under the mats. 'No one will see.' Yes; the best Master of all will see, and He will be sorry. You would be sorry to displease Him. You look up surprised, with the brush in your hand. 'Will He?' Yes. Does God leave untidy corners? Does not He finish His work well? Come, little maid, be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect. In a minute she turns up the mats and sweeps every bit of dust away: her room is beautifully neat and clean now. She, too, has some little secrets with her Master—no longer a Task-master, but a Father in heaven whom she tries to imitate.

St. Paul say, 'Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters, *** in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart. With

goodwill doing service, as to the Lord and not to men.' He says, too, 'Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men.'

And now we have got a glimpse of the way in which we ought to go about our work, and of *one* way in which we can all try to do as Jesus tells us, and be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect—by doing perfect work, as far as lies in us to do so.

But perfection cannot come all at once; we shall every one of us make many mistakes; we shall often be tempted to do wrong again; even perhaps, out of laziness, to scamp our work and leave untidy corners; to do our copies badly, to scribble, and not to look up at the copy which God sets us.

But our Father and Master is standing by; and, as He holds the copy to us, the question He will ask is, not how well have we *succeeded*, for He knows that some are cleverer than others, but, are we *trying?* Are our whole hearts set to do perfect work at last? Then, if we *do* try, and if we do love perfection, and if we sigh with sadness when we fail, but undaunted try again and again, then God is pleased, and will let our work grow better and better; and will show us better and better things to do. The love of perfection will be

there which makes us most like to God, and we can understand how Jesus could say to us, 'Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect.'

And we need never fear that God will not see our work; He sees every thread, every stitch, every word we write, every stroke we draw; sees whether we are trying to do it all well, or whether we are thinking that 'no one will see.' And, what is better still, He sees our hearts and sees whether our *desire* is after perfection. 'His eye seeth every precious thing'; and every little hidden thing done well out of pure love of good and right and perfection is a 'precious thing' to Him.

No boy, or girl, or man, or woman, who refuses to scamp his work, and who does it honestly and *as well as he can* in every secret corner, but is trying to imitate God, who makes the lovely little flowers just as perfect in the wildest lands, where no man ever goes, as in the richest meadow or garden; and who fills the deeps of the sea with untold treasures, and dresses the wild animals, that live and die unseen by men, with fur as soft, and arms them with teeth and claws as beautiful and good as those of our own tame pets that are with us every day.

In all our little ways, then, let our hearts be fixed in this, that we will look up to the copy God sets us, and try to ' be perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect.'

G. M.

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.

ST. PAUL says, 'Recompense to no man evil for evil.' And Jesus says, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' But how difficult it is to obey these precepts! How often we are tempted to return evil for evil!

It often happens that when one boy hits another, or does something unkind, the other gives him back the same, and then excuses himself by saying, '*He* did it to me first, and I am only paying him back the same!' Or if two girls are quarrelling, one of them thinks she is quite justified if she can say that the other began it.

But can it be right for one to do something that is wrong, just because another has done wrong first? Is it not worse that there should be *two* wrong-doers than only one?

Long, long ago, before Jesus Christ was born, and before people knew better, the Jews used to act according to the law of retaliation—that is, paying back injuries. That law said,

'Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe' (Exodus xxi. 24).

But Jesus Christ taught us not to retaliate, not to pay back injuries, but to return good for evil. He said, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven' (Matt. v. 44, 45).

This is a difficult lesson, but it is one that we must all try to learn, and we are not true Christians until we have learned it. We call ourselves Christians, and I hope we all wish to be real Christians and truly the children of God; and if so, we must try to obey these precepts of Christ.

It is very disagreeable when somebody hurts us, or spoils, or steals something that is ours; but whatever harm the ill-natured person has done to us is very small, in comparison with the harm it would be, if we allow this wrong-doing to tempt us to do wrong also.

To hurt our bodies, or to spoil our things, is a far less injury than to cause us to sin. We can hardly help being angry, but it would be sin if we allowed ourselves to grow spiteful, and do some harm in return for the injury we

have received. If we are determined not to be led into sin—not to give way to bad passions or to do wrong deeds—we shall avoid making the injury done to us worse than it need be. It is far worse to *do* wrong than to *suffer* wrong; and if we only suffer and do not sin, we shall soon grow happy again; for then we have nothing to blame ourselves for.

If we strive to overcome the temptation to return evil for evil—if we try to think kindly of the ill-natured person—if we pray for him that he may learn to be better—and if, when there is an opportunity, we do some good to him instead of evil—we shall be obeying these precepts of Christ's, and shall deserve the name of Christians.

Jesus Christ not only taught us this lesson in words, but he acted according to these principles in his own life. He did nothing but good, and that the greatest good that can possibly be done to men, for he taught all who would listen to him to know God better, and to love and obey him better than they did before. But there were some men so ungrateful and hard-hearted that they condemned this best Friend the world ever had to death, and nailed him to a cross to die in agony. Yet even then, in the midst of his pain, while dying this slow and painful death, Jesus thought

kindly of his enemies, instead of wishing evil to them in return, and prayed to God, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' This was indeed loving his enemies, and praying for them that despitefully used him and persecuted him. And we, who say we are disciples of Christ, must try to follow his example.

I will tell you a true story of a man who learned to obey these precepts—who learned to love his enemy, to do good to the man who hated him, and so to return good for evil.

In Italy, during the barbarous ages, it was so much the custom for any man to take revenge upon another with whom he had a quarrel, that murders and all sorts of outrages were common. One man, having a feeling of enmity against another, lay in wait for him, beat him badly, and put out his eyes. The other, being now blind, and unable to earn his living, begged to be taken in at a monastery, where the good monks not only let him live with them, and take part, as far as his blindness allowed, in their good works, but also taught him some lessons of true Christianity.

Some years afterwards, his enemy, the man who had blinded him, fell very ill, and as there were no hospitals in those days except at the monasteries, he had to be carried to that same

monastery to be nursed. But he went in great fear, for he knew that the man whose eyes he had put out was living there, and he thought he would now be able to revenge himself for that injury by putting out *his* eyes in return. But no; the blind man had become a true Christian, and had put away all thoughts of revenge; he no longer wished to punish the man who had treated him so cruelly, but was eager to return good for evil.

So he begged leave of his superior to nurse the sick man, and then devoted himself entirely to this work, watching by his bedside night and day, and doing all he could to relieve his pain, and to help his recovery; till at length all this patience and care brought him safely through his illness.

We can imagine the feelings of the sick man when he found that the man whom he looked upon as an enemy was no such thing; that, instead of taking revenge, he was very good to him. We can imagine how his hatred would turn into love; how grieved he would be to think of his own evil deed which he had committed in anger; and how he would admire and love the man who could forgive such an injury, and return good for evil.

And the blind man himself, how happy he would feel when he had overcome the feelings

of resentment, and learned to love his enemy, and to do good to him who hated him! How differently he would have felt if he had given way to a desire for revenge, if he had paid back the injury he had received, if he had put out the sick man's eyes when he had him in his power, or even if he had merely not taken pains to nurse him, but, by neglecting him, had allowed him to die of his disease, and said spitefully, 'It serves him right.'

Then his conscience would never have been easy; he would have sinned like the other, and would have suffered God's punishment of sin in the remorse that would have made him wretched perhaps all his life.

But now he had gained a victory over the evil passion of revenge; he still suffers the sad injury of blindness, but he has not sinned, and so he can be happy.

Now he has no enemy, for he has turned his enemy into a friend; he has overcome the other man's evil passions by his own goodness. And so, in like manner, we must all of us try to forgive injuries, and to return good for evil; and then, perhaps, we may be able to overcome other people's evil with good, and turn an enemy into a friend.

M. M.

GOD IS OUR FATHER.

'When ye pray, say, "Our Father." '—LUKE xi. 2.

'THE mother loveth her little child; she bringeth it up on her knees; she nourisheth its body with food; she feedeth its mind with knowledge; if it is sick, she watcheth over it with tender love; she forgetteth it not for a moment; she teacheth it how to be good; she rejoiceth daily in its growth.

'But who is the parent of the mother? Who nourisheth her with good things, and watcheth over her with tender love, and remembereth her every moment? Whose arms are about her, to guard her from harm? And if she is sick, who shall heal her?

'God is the Parent of the mother; He is the Parent of all, for He created all. All the men and women in the world are His children; He loveth all, He is good to all.' *

The child learns to obey and love his mother. He is happy when she smiles upon him, and

---

* See Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns in Prose."

takes him in her arms. If he feels ill or unhappy, or has done wrong, there is nothing that can comfort him like coming to her, and feeling her loving arms around him. He leans his head against her, and tells her his trouble; or he confesses his fault, and asks her to forgive him. If he goes away among strangers he feels lonely and sad, because his mother is not there to smile at him when he tries to be good, or to comfort him when he is in trouble, or to give him a loving kiss when he goes to bed.

Sometimes, perhaps, when she tells him to do a thing, he grumbles, and likes his own way best, and thinks that, when he is grown up, he will be able to do as he likes.

But is that so? Does the time ever come when we are able to do just what we like—what we feel would be pleasantest at the moment? *

No; the child learns to obey his father and mother, that he may know how to obey God when he is a man. God has given us a law in our hearts which we must obey. But children have to learn to listen to God's voice in their hearts, and obey this law; and meanwhile God gives them fathers and mothers to take care

---

* See 'Little Walter,' chap. xxiv.

of them, and teach them their duty, and guide them, till they are able to be a law to themselves. We must learn to feel that we are not sent into the world to please ourselves, but to do what is pleasing to God; and a good child learns this by learning to obey and please his father and mother.

There were two children who were in the habit of doing lessons with their mother.* One day she was too busy to set them any lessons, and they might have had a holiday. But they had been idle the day before, and vexed their mother by it; so now they thought instead of having a holiday, they would try and make up for their idleness, and please their mother by learning a double quantity of spelling and geography, and doing twice as many sums as usual. And their mother was pleased, for she knew that, in doing it to please her, they were learning to do what they did not like, in order to please God.

When the disciples asked Jesus to teach them to pray, you know he taught them the prayer that begins, 'Our Father who art in heaven.' We call it the Lord's Prayer, because our Lord Jesus Christ taught it to his disciples.

Before the time of Christ, people were not

* See 'Those Unlucky Twins.' Griffith and Farran.

much in the habit of thinking of God as their Father. They thought of him more as their King, their Creator, their Judge, their Shepherd. Jesus Christ spoke of Him as his Father and our Father.

Why ?

Let us think what are your feelings to your earthly father. How is he different to you from other men ? *

In the first place, he loves you better. And he gives you everything you have—clothes and food and all.

He settles where you are to live, and what school you are to go to.

He cares about what you do ; whether you are good or not.

If you do not obey him, he punishes you ; not because he is unkind, or likes to punish you, but to make you remember, and behave better another time.

If your head aches, or you are in trouble, he is sorry, and perhaps takes you on his knee to comfort you.

Well, it is just so, or something like it, with God.

He loves us even better than our earthly

---

* See 'The Little Camp on Eagle Hill,' by the author of 'The Wide, Wide World.'

parents can love us. And it says in the Bible, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' That means that it is more likely that even our parents should forsake us than that God should.

We belong to Him; He settles where we shall live, what we are to learn, and what our lot is to be. He takes care of us, gives us our daily food, and all that we have.

He cares about what we do, and whether we are good. If we do wrong, He punishes us, but not more severely than is needed to make us do better in future.

Your father and mother often plan pleasures for you and give you presents, because they love you and like to make you happy. And God often sends unexpected blessings to His dear children, and plans unexpected joys for them, in His great love for them; and their hearts are full of love and gratitude to Him in return. And when they are in trouble or sorrow, if they come to Him, and whisper to Him, about their sorrow—just as you might come and tell your father or mother about your little troubles—then He feels for them, and they feel that His everlasting arms of love are around them, to support and comfort and help them, and that He is their loving Father still, nearer to them than ever.

And as your mother puts the little ones to bed at night, and shades the light from their eyes, so God draws the soft curtain of darkness around the world, that His large family may sleep in peace. We may sleep, for He never sleeps; He always watches over us, to keep us from evil.

Some day a deeper sleep will come over us, and God will come and close our eyes for ever to the things of this world, and take us away to wake in another world. If we have been good, dutiful children to our Heavenly Father, we shall not feel as if we were going to a strange land, but home to our Father's house.

I dare say you have felt, after you have been away from home some time, how nice it is to get home again. Why is this?

Because your father and mother are there, and your brothers and sisters.

Well, Jesus tells us of a home where he is going to prepare a place for us—where we shall see our Father, and know Him better than we can here, and meet our brothers and sisters who have gone before.

'Oh, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more!'

Your father and mother were kind to you, and loved you, long before you knew them

or could thank them; and even when you are naughty, they love you and are kind to you still.

And God is kind to those that know Him not, and even to the unthankful and the evil. 'He maketh the sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.'

If you want anything, you ask your father or mother for it. Very often they give it you; but sometimes they say, 'No, my child; it is not good for you;' and you have to be content without it, because they know best.

And how is it when we ask God for what we want?

Sometimes He gives it us; but sometimes He says No; and then we must trust Him, because He always knows what is best for us. Sometimes He takes from us something that we value, if He sees that it prevents our learning the lesson that He wants to teach us.

Perhaps you will think, if God is our Father, how is it that we do not love Him more?

I think one reason may be, that you have not yet *learned* to know and love Him. It is more difficult to love a Being we have never seen, than to love those we see every day. And another reason may be, that you do not always do as He tells you. But in learning

to love and obey your parents, you are learning to love and obey God. And I hope, as you grow older, you will learn continually to love Him more and serve Him better. If you and I were as good as we ought to be, and perhaps may be some day, even in this world, I think we should feel towards God as you little ones feel to your father when you get on his knee, and put your lips close to his ear, and tell him what you want, and how much you love him.

And then God would send down His love into our hearts, and His peace, which the world can neither give nor take away.

M. C. M.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

'Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer; . . . . be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'—REVELATION ii. 10.

FAITHFULNESS is a noble quality, for it means unselfishness, and a great spirit of duty. When we say that a person is faithful, we mean that he can be depended upon; if he makes a promise, he is sure to keep it, even if it is inconvenient or difficult to him to do so; if he has undertaken a duty, he keeps to it, even though it grows to be very dull and tiresome, and though there is something much more entertaining that he would like to turn to instead; if he is in trust, he is sure not to neglect, or, like a coward, run away from and shirk the duty that he is entrusted with.

The affairs of life would not go on at all well unless we could generally depend upon other

people for the faithful performance of their duties.

Each one of us has duties which we owe to others; and our conscience tells us we shall be very blameworthy if we do not strive to perform those duties faithfully.

Our own particular duty is very often not pleasant, or, at any rate, the duty of the moment is not the thing that we should like to do if we were free to choose; but we are not free to choose.

If we are in trust—if we have voluntarily undertaken some duty, or if it has been given to us to do by some rightful authority, we are bound to do that duty, even at the cost of some sacrifice of our own wishes, and of what would be good for ourselves.

Thus faithfulness, even to the ordinary duties of life, requires much self-denial and determination; and those who go on steadily in the common round of duty, never giving way to any self-indulgence that would make them neglect what they ought to do, are worthy of our respect, and will have a reward in their own conscience, besides all the other natural rewards of duty.

Sometimes a great occasion arises when the duty to be performed is very difficult or painful, and then faithfulness to that duty becomes heroism

On October 22, 1882, an engine-driver, named Joseph Sieg, performed such an act of heroic self-sacrifice as deserves to be known and honoured by all of us.

A long train, carrying 600 passengers, was travelling on the Pennsylvania railway in America, with, as usual, the engine-driver and the stoker on the engine. In that country they burn wood instead of coal, so that there would be a stack of firewood on the tender.

When the stoker opened the door of the furnace to put more wood on the fire, the wind blew the flames out, and something caught fire—perhaps it was the stack of firewood—and both engine-driver and stoker were driven back by the flames.

They fled across the tender, and got on to the first of the passenger carriages.

Now we must not blame them, and say that it was cowardly to run away from their post of duty; for who would not, under those circumstances, have lost presence of mind? Who would not have fled before those scorching flames?

The speed at which the train was going caused the fire to spread every moment further and further back towards the carriages where the passengers were, and it was evident that, if the train were not stopped, the fire would certainly

spread from one carriage to another until all were burned, with all the people in them. If the train could be stopped, they would all be saved ; but there was no one on the engine to stop it.

In a few moments Joseph Sieg, the engine-driver, regained his presence of mind ; he felt that it was *his* responsibility, it was *his* duty to manage the engine, and he ought to be there to do the needful work ; so he determined to do his duty, though he would certainly die for it.

With a grand effort of resolution he plunged into the flames, from which he had fled only a few moments before, climbed again over the burning tender, reached the engine, and quickly moved the handle which sufficed to reverse the engine and cause the train gradually to stop.

Then, having done the great deed, having accomplished his painful task, he might do what he could for himself ; and he did the best thing he could have done under the circumstances—he climbed into the watertank to try to ease the fearful pain of his burns. The train soon came to a stand-still, the passengers all got out unharmed, and the flames were then easily extinguished.

But the hero to whom they all owed their lives was taken out of the water-tank in a

dreadful condition: his clothes were almost entirely burnt off, his face was disfigured, his hands were shockingly burned, and his body blistered all over.

He was taken to the hospital, but, with the best of care and skill, his life could not be saved, and after lingering in pain for four days, he died.

He had been faithful unto death; and for this faithfulness to duty, when duty was so painful and so terrible, his memory is honoured, not only by those six hundred people who owe their safety to his voluntary sacrifice of himself, but also by all the multitudes, both in America and in England, who have heard of it.

Our text says, 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' And we may indeed believe that this faithful man, Joseph Sieg, has the reward that is here promised—that those few minutes of intensest agony, and those four days of suffering, were to him a painful passage from this mortal life to the better life of immortality and heaven.

And now in that higher and happier state of being which we call heaven, do you suppose that he is sorry that he went into the fire to do his duty? Is he sorry that he suffered so much pain, and that he was cut off from this earthly existence in the prime of life? No,

surely ; we cannot help believing that he must be very glad that in the moment of fierce trial he was not found wanting ; that he had courage enough to obey his conscience when it told him that his post of duty was on the other side of those flames, and he must go through them, and do his work.

Let us consider how it could be that Joseph Sieg had determination enough to perform this noble act of self-sacrifice, in opposition to the natural instinct which makes us shrink from pain. It must be that he had trained himself for years to the habit of doing his duty, however unpleasant it might be. No doubt he had often been in charge of the train, and had to stand upon his engine in bitter cold, or in stifling heat, or blinding dust ; no doubt he had often been very tired, and could easily have fallen asleep, but he had made great efforts, and had forced himself to keep a good look out, and to be ready to do whatever had to be done.

Thus he had trained himself to be faithful to his charge, and to resist all temptations to the contrary, whether small or great, until his sense of duty, his conscience, had grown so strong, that when this fearful trial came he was equal to the occasion ; and not even the fear of a painful death could deter him from doing what he saw it was his duty to do.

I hope that so dreadful a duty may never be set before you or me, for fear we should not be good enough and brave enough to do it; but it is certain that God will send to each one of us duties and trials of various kinds and degrees of difficulty, which will prove whether we are faithful or not. And the only hope of our being able to perform faithfully and well any difficult duty that may come to us some day, depends upon our learning first to be faithful in little things; for 'he that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.'

The value of life consists not so much in the length of time that it lasts, as in the *quantity* of *life* that we can put into the time that is given us; and our true life consists in good and beautiful thoughts and feelings, energetic action, and earnest efforts for good purposes.

There is much more of real life concentrated in one great deed, one noble effort of resolute will in the performance of a difficult duty, than in many comfortable years of a dull and languid existence, such as many people lead, with few thoughts, and no high endeavour after noble objects—a life of eating and sleeping, and of commonplace work, poorly done, with as little exertion of body, or mind, or heart, as possible. It is far better to die nobly than to live ignobly.

Remember the precept and the promise given in our text: 'Fear none of those things that thou shalt suffer . . . be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'

M. M.

RETURNING TO THE LORD.

'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him ; and to our God for He will abundantly pardon,'

—ISAIAH lv. 6, 7.

THEN is not God *always* near ? is He not *always* to be found ? We thought He was everywhere, and that we could find Him at any minute.

And so He is ; He never leaves us ; He is always waiting for us, when we are naughty, or when we are blind and cannot see Him.

Then how is it that we often cannot see Him, and how is it that we are blind ?

It is because there is something between us and God that hides Him from us.

Two children went to stay at the sea-side. When they reached the house where they were to stay it was dark, and they had to go to bed without seeing the sea. Next morning they ran out the minute they were dressed, and impatiently asked which way they were to go

to reach the sea. A woman told them which way to go, and said they would reach it directly; but they did not listen carefully to what she said, because they were in such a hurry, and as they ran off they turned the wrong way. They went along a road, and the walls were very high, and they could see nothing, and they ran on and on, hoping that the walls would get lower further on; but the walls were as high as ever, and there seemed no hope of seeing the sea by that road; and at last the boy said, 'I shall try and climb that wall, and then I'm sure I shall see the sea.' So he tried, and found some places where he could put his toes and fingers in between the stones; and at last his head reached the top, and he looked over.

And there lay before him, first, fields and trees, and then a lovely strip of shore, and then the broad, bright sea, with little waves breaking on the beach.

With a loud cry of joy and surprise, he scrambled up the last bit of the wall and sat at the top. His sister, who was below, now longed to get up too; and soon, with the help of her brother's belt, and then of his hands, she too sat on the top of the wall and saw the sea. How glorious it was! But they could not rest there; they soon scrambled down at

the other side, and were bounding away over the grass towards the shining sea before them. 'No more walls!' they shouted. 'Oh! what a horrid old wall, to shut out the sea!'

Children, that is what we do. God is our sea, and we want, oh! so much, to find Him; but we do not listen when we are told which way to go, and we rush off in such a hurry that we go wrong. Then we find a wall between us and God, and we rush on and on, hoping that the wall will go. But till we turn about and do something ourselves that will free us from the wall, we cannot see God.

'*Seek ye* the Lord,' is what the text says; He cannot be found unless we seek Him.

When we do wrong we build up a wall ourselves which hides God from us. It is not that He is not *there*. Yes; He is always close at hand, and the wall we build cannot keep Him from seeing *us*, for He sees everywhere; but it prevents our seeing Him; we shut Him out from our sight.

And when we persist in doing wrong, we add more and more stones to the top of the wall, so as to make it higher and higher; and though at first when we began to do wrong and build the wall we could see over it, and see God, and know that He was watching us build the wall, by persisting in doing wrong we have piled so

many stones up, that now we can no more find God at all; we have *built Him out*, and made our hearts as hard as the stones of our wall; we *do not intend* to see God.

Do you remember the story of Peter, and how he had eagerly and earnestly said that though *all* should desert Jesus, yet he would stand by him; and then, when his dear Master had been taken prisoner, Peter followed where he was being taken, to the high-priest's house. He followed 'afar off.' Why did he not go by his side? Could it possibly be that Peter, who had so vehemently vowed to be faithful to him, was *afraid?* He went into the outer hall of the house, where there was a fire, and where the servants were; and there, whilst his Master was out of sight, being taken before the high-priest, the servants, one after another, seeing Peter there, asked whether he came with Jesus and belonged to him. And the first time he was asked, he told a lie, and said he did not; and the second time he told a second lie; and the third time he told a third lie. And just then the cock crew, which recalled the words of Jesus to him; and as Jesus passed through the hall that minute, guarded by soldiers, he turned his face towards Peter and looked on him. Perhaps he did not know what Peter had said, but, seeing his dear friend standing

by the fire, he gave him a parting look as he passed, thinking he should not see him again. But that look went straight through the stony wall which Peter had been building up in his cowardice, and straight to his true and brave heart behind the wall; and his wall fell down at once, and he saw that he had missed doing the only thing left for him to do for his dear Master—to stand bravely by him in trouble and disgrace. And Peter went out and wept bitterly.

But when we have done wrong, and when that wall has begun to be built which hides God from us, if we are sorry, and long to see God again and be close to Him, then that is turning our faces towards God, and then we see that *His* face has not been turned away from *us* at all; it was *ours* that was turned away. The moment the children *turned and sought*—the moment they climbed the wall—they saw the sea.

You remember the story of the lad who longed to go from home, and who asked his father to give him the money which would belong to him when his father died; and how he travelled to a far country, and there spent his money foolishly and wickedly; and then, when it was all gone, he had to feed pigs, in poverty and hunger and rags; and then how

his thoughts turned back to his home and his father, and he resolved to go back and confess how wicked he had been—so wicked, that he felt he had no right to ask to be treated any more as a son in his home, but he would be thankful to be taken back as a servant. And when he *turned* and went home, what did he find? His father *came to meet him*, and made rejoicings over his return. How anxiously his father must have looked out for him all that time! And he saw him 'while he was still a great way off.'

That is what God does; as soon as we turn He sees us though we are still 'a great way off,' and He *comes to meet us*, and helps to lead us home over all the difficult road. So you see it is not God that builds the walls that hide from us what is true and right, and what we ought to do; it is *we*. 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.'

But there is something besides bad *deeds* that shuts us out from God, and makes us unable to see what is good and right and true; something not so plain and easy to see, but which builds a wall as strong as any evil deeds can build; and that is evil *thoughts*. 'Let

the unrighteous man forsake his *thoughts* and turn unto the Lord.'

Sometimes you have been angry, and felt that you were hardly used, and that your companions were unkind; and you have said, 'I don't care;' 'I won't speak to them any more;' 'It's a shame;' 'I've as good a right as they.' You have felt as if nobody cared for you, and (what is worse) that you cared for nobody. Those are some of the unrighteous thoughts that build up a stony wall and shut out God; and as long as you keep and hug these thoughts, and keep on saying, 'I don't care;' 'I won't play;' 'It's a shame;' you are putting stone after stone on the wall, and the chance of seeing over is getting less and less. Give the wall a great blow, and knock it all down at once.

But if, when your cheeks burn, and you feel angry and passionate, or unkind, or spiteful, you run away from your companions, that you may not speak the angry words that seem rushing up out of your heart to your lips; then in a very little time you feel less angry; you have tried to 'forsake the unrighteous thoughts;' it is as if in running away you had outrun the angry thoughts and words; as if you had climbed that wall, and were jumping down on the other side. And whom do you

find there? Why, God! waiting, coming to meet you! All at once the tears come into your eyes; not angry tears, but it is as if God had spoken, and said, 'My child!'—as if something had gone straight to your heart, as the look of Jesus went straight to the heart of Peter; the wall has fallen down; and having 'turned' from the 'unrighteous thoughts,' you are ready now to return to your companions without any anger in your heart, and speak to them, and play with them, though such a short time ago you vowed in anger that you would never do so again.

Why did God seem to speak to you again so soon, when you were alone?

I will tell you. It was because you '*turned*'; you went away lest you should say angry words; that was because you were at heart anxious to do right, even though you were too weak to keep back the angry words in the presence of your companions.

And in any trial or struggle, if we 'turn'—if we look up towards God for a moment—He will bear us through and help us to do right.

There are many temptations that come to every one: temptations to say things that are not *quite* true, or to keep silence when we ought to tell something, or to work badly, or to take something which we ought not to take,

If then we turn one look towards God—if we stop one moment to think what is right—then God takes that little 'turning' as a prayer to Him to help us.

There was a little girl who used to earn some money for her mother, who was very poor, by acting some little parts in plays at the theatre. For this work she had to be always nicely dressed; and often in the evenings, when she was acting, she had to be dressed very smart, and to wear silk stockings and beautiful shoes; while at home her little brothers and sisters had no shoes and stockings, and very ragged and shabby clothes. Every Saturday little Barbara had to go upstairs—a long way upstairs—at the theatre, to receive her money; and an old man sat there to pay all the actors. Little Barbara's wages for the week were half-a-guinea (ten-and-sixpence), and every week she gladly carried it home to her mother. On Saturday she went up to the old man to receive her money, and he was very busy; and when he saw her come, he took up a piece of money from the table and put it into her hand, and in a minute Barbara was running downstairs again. But when she got near the bottom, it suddenly struck her that it was a very heavy half-guinea, and she opened her hand and looked; and there, instead of a

half-guinea, there lay—a whole one! In a minute there ran through her mind all that the guinea would buy: dinners for her hungry little brothers and sisters, shoes and stockings for their little bare feet, clothes and food for all! This only took a moment, for thoughts fly through one's mind much faster than one can tell them. But somehow (Barbara never knew how) she found herself going up the stairs again before these thoughts were well through her mind. Up and up she went, and stood again before the old man, and gave him back the guinea, and he gave her half-a-guinea instead; and then Barbara was again at the bottom of the stairs, with her dreams of dinners and shoes and stockings gone. She lived to be a woman, and she earned more and more money, and lived to see all the little feet in neat shoes and stockings, and the home neat and comfortable; but she never forgot that day on the theatre staircase, when she 'turned' to do what was right and honest.

Did not Barbara 'seek the Lord while He might be found?'

However careless and naughty we may have been, remember that it is never too late to knock down that wall, and find God waiting behind it to teach us what is right, and to take us to His arms as dear children turning to Him

again. It is never too late for the wicked to forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts. 'Let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.'

G. M.

THE END.

THE

Sunday School Association,

ESSEX HALL, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

A CLASSIFIED LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

Books for the Infant and Youngest Classes.

Hymns in Prose for Children. Illus. By Mrs. BARBAULD. 6d.

Lessons for Little Boys. By MARY DENDY. Sewed 2d.

Lesson Stories for the Little Ones. By MARY DENDY. 1s.

Picture Pages for Little Folk. Cloth 1s. net.

Twelve Sheet Lessons. With cords for hanging. 1s. net, postage 3d.

Young Days. Annual Vols. Illus. boards, 1s. 6d., Cloth 2s.

Hymn Lessons: The Teacher's Note Book. By 'AUNT AMY.' 1s.

Twelve Hymn Wall Sheets [for use with the above]. 2s. 6d.

Sunday Lessons for Infants. Illus. By MARIAN PRITCHARD ('AUNT AMY'). Cloth 1s. 6d. net. [For Teachers' use.]

Booklets for Children. Illus. Edited by MARIAN PRITCHARD ('AUNT AMY'). In packets 3d. and 6d. net.

Do the Right. A class book of short stories with moral applications. By A. L. C. Limp cloth 8d. net.

Sunday Flowers for Sunday Hours. A Sunday Book for Little Folk. Illustrated. By JENNETT HUMPHREYS. Cloth 1s. net, postage 4d.

The Book of Beginnings, or Stories from Genesis, and how to teach them. Illustrated. By MARIAN PRITCHARD ('AUNT AMY'), Cloth 2s. net, postage 3d. SCHOOL EDITION, 1s. net, postage 3d.

Books for Intermediate Classes.

(Ages 10-13.)

Outline Lessons in Religion. By R. A. ARMSTRONG. 6d. net. [For Teachers' use.]

Stories from the Life of Moses. By RICHARD BARTRAM. 6d. net, postage 2d.

Heroes of Israel. By RICHARD BARTRAM. 6d. net, postage 2d.

Ten Lessons on Religion. By CHARLES BEARD, Sewed 1d.

Lessons in Religion. By MARY GILLIES. Cloth 1s. net.

Jesus: the Story of his Life. By the Misses GREGG. 1s. net.

New Parables and Stories. By D. MACRAE. 1s. net, postage 3d.

Home Counsels. By GERTRUDE MARTINEAU. Cloth 1s. net.

Nature Pictures. Illustrated. Cloth 1s. net, postage 3d.

Talks about the Sunday Services. By F. E. MILLSON. Sewed 3d.

Short Sermons to Children. By THREE COUSINS. Cloth 1s. net.

The Gift of Life. Illustrated. By SARA WOOD. Cloth 1s. net.

Dwellers in Our Gardens. Illus. By SARA WOOD. 2s. net.

Half-hours with the Parables. 1st & 2nd Series. By J. C. HIRST. Cloth 1s. each, net.

Short Stories. Compiled by W. COPELAND BOWIE. Cloth 1s. net, postage 3d.

Hymn Books, Prayers, Services, and Addresses.

Hymns for Heart and Voice. Compiled by CHARLOTTE FARRINGTON. Cloth 10d. net.

The Sunday School Hymn Book. 391 Hymns. 5d. net.

The Smaller Hymn Book. Sewed 1d. net. Cloth 2d. net.

Songs and Hymns. For Bands of Hope, etc. Sewed 1d. net. Cloth 2d. net.

The Essex Hall Hymn and Tune Book. Cloth 2s. 6d. net, postage 4d.

Services and Prayers for Sunday Schools. Compiled by DENDY AGATE, B.A. Cloth 6d.

Home Devotions. Compiled by RICHARD BARTRAM. Cloth 1s. net.

Prayers for the use of Families, etc. By TRAVERS MADGE. 6d.

Prayers for the use of S. S. Superintendents. Cloth 6d.

Addresses and Illustrative Stories. Compiled by Mrs. RAWLINGS. 1s. 6d. net.

Addresses to Children by Various Writers. 8d. net.

Family Worship. Compiled by the DOWAGER COUNTESS RUSSELL. 1s. net.

Special Musical Services for Spring, Harvest, Christmas, The New Year, and other Anniversaries. 2d. each.

Books for Senior Classes.

(Age 13 and upwards.)

The Story of John Greenleaf Whittier. By FRANCES E. COOKE. Cloth 1s. net.

Suggestive Readings for use in the Sunday School and the Home. By RICHARD BARTRAM. Cloth 1s. net, postage 3d.

Life in Palestine when Jesus Lived. By J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A. Cloth 1s. net.

The Story of Theophilus Lindsey. By FRANCES E. COOKE. Cloth 1s. net, postage 3d.

Noble Workers. Short Biographies. By FRANCES E. COOKE. Cloth 1s. net, postage 3d.

Theodore Parker. A short Biography. By FRANCES E. COOKE. Cloth 1s. net.

Dr. Channing. A short Biography. By FRANCES E. COOKE. 1s.

Dorothea Lynde Dix. A Biography. By FRANCES E. COOKE. 1s. net, postage 2d.

The Childhood of Jesus. By W. C. GANNETT. Cloth 1s. net.

The Three Stages of a Bible's Life. By W. C. GANNETT. Sewed 4d. Cloth 6d. net.

In the Home. A Study of Duties. By W. C. GANNETT. Sewed 3d.

The Story of Bishop Colenso. By FLORENCE GREGG. 1s. net.

The Story of Religion in England. By BROOKE HERFORD, D.D. Cloth 2s. net.

The Story of Jeremiah and his Times. By H. JOHNSON. Cloth 1s. net.

The Story of Religion in Ireland. By CLEMENT PIKE. Cloth 1s. net, postage 2d.

Chapters on Job for Young Readers. By G. VANCE SMITH, D.D. Cloth 1s. net.

Studies of some of Longfellow's Poems. By FRANK WALTERS. Cloth 1s. net.

Studies of some of Browning's Poems. By F. WALTERS. 2s.

Studies of some of Shakspere's Plays. By FRANK WALTERS. Cloth 1s. 6d. net.

Successful Life. A Series of Essays. By JOHN DENDY. Cloth 2s. net, postage 3d.

Outline Lessons on Morals. By GERTRUDE MARTINEAU. 1s. net.

Twelve Hymns and their Writers. By V. D. DAVIS, B.A 1s. net.

The Story of St. Francis of Assisi. By FRANCES E. COOKE. 1s. net.

Elizabeth Fry. A Short Biography. By J. E. BROWN. 8d. net.

Voices of Nature, and Lessons from Science. By C. A. MARTINEAU. 1s. net.

Books for Ministers' Classes, the Teachers' Library, and for the Preparation of Class Lessons.

Christianity and the Roman Empire. By W. E. ADDIS, M.A. Cloth 2s. 6d. net.

The First Three Gospels: their Origin and Relations. By J. E. CARPENTER, M.A. Cloth 3s. 6d. net.

The Method of Creation. A comparison of the Book of Nature with the Book of Genesis. By H. W. CROSSKEY, LL.D. Cloth 1s. net.

The Epistles of St. Paul to the Philippians and to Philemon. By VALENTINE D. DAVIS, B.A. Cloth 1s. net.

The Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians. By J. DRUMMOND, M.A., LL.D. 1s. net.

The Prophecies of the Captivity (Isaiah xl.-xlvi.) By R. T. HERFORD, B.A. 1s. net.

The Religion of Israel. By Dr. KNAPPERT, Cloth 1s. net.

The Gospel according to Mark: a Study in the earliest records of the Life of Jesus. By H. SHAEN SOLLY, M.A. 1s. net.

Our Faith. By W. G. TARRANT, B.A. Cloth 1s. net.

Practical Hints for Teachers. By H. RAWLINGS, M.A. 6d. net.

Code Book for Sunday School Teachers. Compiled by W. COPELAND BOWIE. 6d. net.

Travel and Life in Palestine. 5 Lantern Lectures. By J. T. SUNDERLAND, M.A. 1s. net.

The Books of the Old Testament: a Short Introduction. By J. H. WEATHERALL, B.A. 2s. 6d. net.

A Year of Sunday Lessons. By 'AUNT AMY.' 6d., postage 2d.

The Sunday School Helper. 8 Annual Vols. [1888-1895.] Cloth 1s. each net.

The Helper. A Handbook for Teachers and Parents. Edited by MARIAN PRITCHARD. Vol. I., Vol. II., Vol. III. Cloth 2s. 6d. each net, postage 4d.

The Bible for Young People. A Critical, Historical, and Religious Handbook to the Old and New Testaments. By Dr. H. OORT and Dr. J. HOOYKAAS. Translated by Rev. P. H. WICKSTEED, M.A. 6 Vols. 15s. net. Separate Vols., 3s. 6d. each net.

*** **A Descriptive Catalogue of the Publications of the Association will be sent post free upon application.**

LONDON: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION,
ESSEX HALL, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

DATE DUE

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

GTU Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-2500

All items are subject to recall.